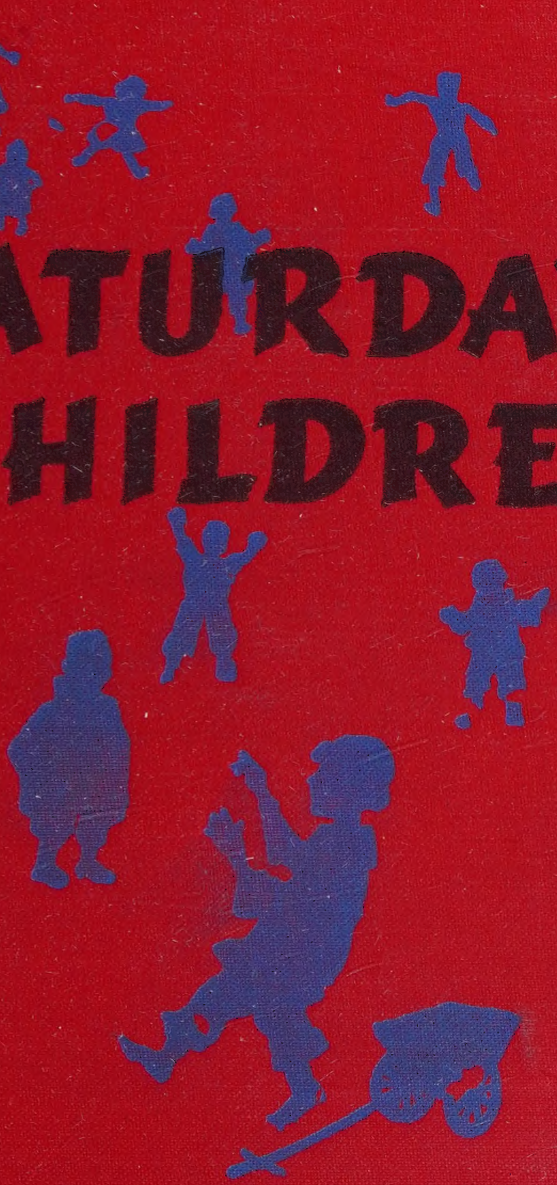
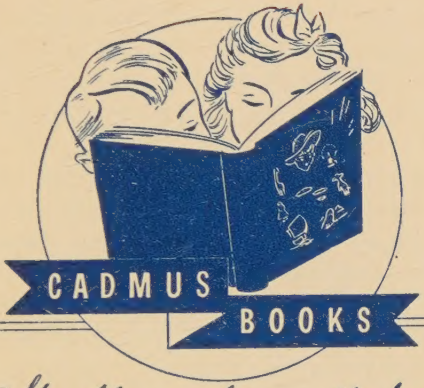
SATURDAY'S CHILDREN



HELEN COALE CREW

Morristown



May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phoenicians or whoever it was that invented Books . . . Carlyle

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

BY HELEN COALE CREW

Did you ever hear of a boy carrying a flag in his pocket as a good luck charm? That is what Dimitri did, only the strange part about it all is that he was a Greek boy who lived in Smyrna, and he carried an *American* flag.

You will surely agree that something brought him good luck when you read about how he was kidnapped by a "dark-faced traveler" on a camel. When Dimitri escaped and returned to Smyrna he found the town burned and his mother nowhere to be found. He slept that night on the wharf, and in the morning he saw a large ship, flying the American flag, ready to take a load of homeless children across the sea to Athens. Dimitri wanted to go too, and can you guess what he used as a ticket? His little American flag, of course! And how his good luck was again with him you will learn when you read his exciting story.

Toni and Stephano, who lived in Italy, had a very different kind of adventure. They thought it would be fun to trade places with each other for a day. Toni was an errand boy for Thomaso, a mosaic glass worker, and Stephano was on a sightseeing trip with his aunt. For one entire afternoon each boy enjoyed what the other had been doing. They had so much fun that you will perhaps not be too surprised when you learn what their adventure led to.

All over the world children are doing interesting things and having all kinds of adventures—some of them quite different from the adventures you have had. This book will tell you about them.

* * * * *

Trinity Lutheran School 194
No. Morristown

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

Donated by
Norman Schwartz

The children of Taormina, ragged, barefooted, eager, joyous, swarmed to have a part in the excitement.

FRONTISPIECE. *See page* 198

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

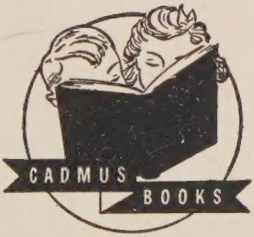
BY

HELEN COALE CREW

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARGARET FREEMAN

"Saturday's child must work for his living."



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TO
MY CHILDREN

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PREFACE

Dear Readers of This Book:

If you really shouldn't read this book at all, but stop short at the Title Page, or (worse still!) never get beyond the picture on the wrapper, then you will never make the acquaintance of little Pat Dempsey, who committed such an outrageous piece of mischief, and almost — but not quite — became a hero for it. And you won't know John Stow, the bellboy of a London hotel, who stood up and lost the job he loved so well, brass buttons and all, without a whimper. And you won't know Tonia Balbi, who lived in Florence, but ran away from there and hid for a whole week for the sake of her brother Mario; nor Dimitri, the Greek boy, who carried a little American flag in his ragged pocket as some boys might carry a rabbit's left hind foot — for pure luck; nor Bertram, the German boy, who was led such a merry chase (it was merry enough to *them!*) by those terrible students; nor Gogo, the Sicilian boy, who needed a pair of trousers so badly; nor any of the rest of the children of Europe whose stories are told here.

Well, of course you can manage to live along

very comfortably, after all, without reading these stories. But I want to introduce them to you so that you will have a friendly feeling for all the children of Europe before you go over there to see and know them for yourselves. And I have chosen the children that you will see on the streets and in the fields, as you may not get inside of many of the homes. Perhaps now you think of those children as " foreign " and " different " and maybe even " queer." Not a bit of it! These stories will show you that they are exactly like yourselves.

There are three different kinds of things you will see in Europe. First, of course, there are the things that your father and mother will rather insist upon your seeing, such as the cathedrals and the picture galleries and the museums. Secondly, there are the things you look at with lively eyes as you walk about — the strange, narrow streets, ages old, whose houses nod across the cobblestones and nearly touch noses; the shops with so many fascinating things in them to buy; the strange little engines that pull the trains you ride in — so small that when you see here and there among them an American locomotive left over there since war times, it looks like Gulliver among the Lilliputians; the mountains in Switzerland that are so sharp they are called needles; the hundreds of bells in Venice, all strik-

ing twelve o'clock with one great tumult of sound; the music in Vienna, that seems to ooze out of every open door and window (though to be sure it is not "jazz"); the purple figs you buy in Athens from old men sitting on the curb-stones with their baskets; the camels that block the traffic in Smyrna, and, as Dimitri says, take your appetite away merely to look at.

And the third thing that you will see over there — and this you must not miss if you miss everything else — is the children. There are so many that you couldn't, indeed, very well miss them — shy and quiet in London, sharp and quick in Paris, clean and rosy in Switzerland, smiling and dirty in Italy (as well as distractingly beautiful) — all kinds! You may laugh at them and make fun of them, but in the end they will earn your sympathy and respect. Indeed, they are so much like yourself! They are gladdened by the things that make you glad; they are frightened by the same things that frighten you; they have bright visions and fairy fancies and odd thoughts that would make you say, could you know them, "Huh! that's just the way I think sometimes!" And those that are Saturday's children, who do their share of the work that earns the family living, have a gay, smiling bravery that is as courageous as anything you ever do. They have such a

wonderful patience with the terrible little nuisances of baby brothers and sisters they have to take care of. They are the stuff that good citizens are made of; and is there, in any country whatsoever, anything more worth while than a good citizen? Moreover, I believe firmly that they would make good and merry playmates, and this I know partly from their friendly smiles, which I myself have seen stretching from ear to ear upon their young faces. When you see them once, you will want to see them again. I will wager my last shining Lincoln penny upon that!

HELEN COALE CREW

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SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay.
Monday's child is fair of face:
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child has far to go;
Thursday's child is full of woe;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
But Saturday's child must work for his living.

I

THE DEMPSEY FAMILY

ALMOST in the very middle of Ireland is the town of Athlone, straddling the river Shannon. There is a big group of barracks there, and husky Irish soldier lads are going through military drill in the Barracks yard, or, when off duty, perhaps reading and playing cards in the recreation room, or swinging down the streets of the town two and two, or in groups, laughing, singing, chatting, and behaving like boys out of school. One of these lads, the drummer boy, were you to ask him his name, would tip his cap and answer, "Larry Dempsey, sir, and brother to Danny Dempsey that fell at Loos, sir, and him playing the greatest football game ever played, sir!"

Then you would tip your hat in return — if you were a man — and fall to remembering again that football game at Loos. Loos is a small place not far from Lille, in France. When, during the Great War, a regiment of Irish soldiers was ordered "Up and Over!", they came swarming up out of the trenches carrying with them a football, and as they made their way across No Man's

Land they kicked the ball before them, to make the enemy's goal! Dare-devil young lads they were, indeed, each with a bit of a prayer in his heart and a bit of impudent Irish laughter on his tongue. And were you to question young Larry Dempsey any further, he would have very little to say except that, give him a chance and another war, he'd play football too, the way Danny — God bless him! — would be proud of him.

"But didn't you say your brother died on the battle-field?" you ask.

"Sure he did, and him as brave as a lion," Larry would say with a glowing face, "and if I don't play the game, why, there's Peter and Tim and little Pat still to come. One of us will make Danny proud some day."

And so, since making Danny proud was a family matter with the Dempseys, let us go down into the southwest corner of Ireland and have a look at Peter and Tim and little Pat. Ten to one you'll not find them at home, the little gossoons! But we'll have a look at their house, anyway. It is a lonely house, lying a little back from the long white road that comes running through the town of Killarney and then down and around the beautiful Killarney lakes, set like three blue jewels in the midst of green hills. The house is of stone, built long ago in the days when houses were put up to last forever. It was white-

washed over, and before this story happened it had a thatched roof that must once have been a glorious golden color, but which had become as gray as an ancient haystack and had four holes in it besides. When it rained, as it did very often indeed, and the chickens, and sometimes the goat, went into the room for shelter, there were four spouts of rain coming down upon the earthen floor. To be sure, at those times Mrs. Dempsey first of all pushed the wooden cradle out of the way of the wet, and clapped the lid on to the great iron pot that hung in the fireplace, where the stirabout bubbled in the morning and the potatoes boiled "with their jackets on" at noon. There was a long settle against the wall with a wooden back on hinges, so that when mealtime came around all they had to do was to pull down the back, and presto! there was a table. Then there was a big bed in one corner; and a door beside the fireplace led into a lean-to, a small room where the boys slept. Overhead, hanging from the ceiling, was a shelf where Mr. Dempsey kept his fishing lines and nets, and woe betide a gossoon who climbed up and meddled with them!

There was only one chair in the room, but there were enough stools to go around and one over. The extra stool had been Danny's before he went away to the War and played that

strange game of football at Loos, and died there. No one ever sat on Danny's stool, unless by chance a stranger, passing by, stopped in for a bit of rest. At such times Mrs. Dempsey put Danny's stool before the fire for the stranger, and " wetted up a cup of tea " for him, to take the chill out of his bones. And wouldn't that be what Danny would do? Surely. He was always the quickest of the lot to get up and offer his stool to a guest.

Peter and Tim had very little time to play, because they had to help in every way possible to earn the family living. In winter, to be sure, they were at school all day at Killarney, but in the evenings they helped their father mend his old nets and make new ones, sitting about the peat fire. In the spring they lent a helping hand to neighboring farmers. There was Neighbor Finney, for example. Neighbor Finney was proud of his flax and barley fields, although they slanted to such an extent on the hillsides that you might be tilted off entirely if you weren't careful. In June they went at sunrise to the lake, only a half-mile away, and gathered loads of water lilies, choosing those that were swollen buds just ready to open. These they took to Killarney in the donkey cart to sell to the many tourists that come every year to see the lovely lakes. Didn't I tell you they had a donkey and a little two-wheeled

cart? It had been Uncle Barney's, but when Uncle Barney went to America to live he had given it to them, as he could not very well take it with him. Uncle Barney wrote to them now and then, and once he sent them a picture of Abraham Lincoln. You would have noticed it in the house, hanging to the left of the fireplace. Another time he had sent them a gay little blue teapot, to take the place of the old brown one, which had lost its lid and had a crack in the spout. But bless you, they still used the old brown one to make tea in, and the blue one made a fine little bank in which the boys could keep their earnings. Already the sixpences and pennies, together with a shilling or two, rattled in it pleasantly, and when they had finished this summer's work, they hoped it would be quite full.

In wet weather they tramped four long miles to the peat bogs, for, as Peter said, the bogs were so wet already that a little rain more or less wouldn't be noticed. These were fine black bogs, which are so much better than the red ones, and where they were not yet cut into, the ground was covered with bog cotton and rushes and clumps of heather. Under this living greenery lay the long dead and rotted vegetation, spongy and filled with water, which is Ireland's main fuel, as all the chimneys sending up the acrid peat smoke will tell you. Here men were cutting

sods of peat with sharp spades, and Peter and Tim filled wheelbarrows with the sods and wheeled them up to a higher and drier place, where they were stacked up in piles. This was heavy work, but thirteen-year-old Peter and eleven-year-old Tim were sturdy boys, who never complained of a job that it was "too much like work." When it was really too wet and slippery to stack peat, they could stay at home and put in a day at gathering up the stones that somehow — dear knows how! — got scattered all over the fields of Ireland. These they piled up back of the pigpen, ready at hand to be used some day for building another room on to the house for Her Ladyship.

Well now, to think I haven't mentioned her yet! Her Ladyship at the minute I am telling about was lying in the cradle counting her toes. She counted them over and over again, and evidently the sum of them was different every time. This did not worry her in the least. She smiled and put her thumb in her mouth, and to-morrow she will be counting them all over again with undiminished energy. Pat, who is seven and knows a thing or two, has told her frequently that there are ten of those toes, but she has no confidence in his counting. If he insists she opens her mouth and gives a roar that would lift the thatch off the house if it weren't pretty well fastened down

with yards of wire. Her Ladyship is seven months old and has a mind of her own.

Well, after several weeks of wet weather, at last July came in with fine warm sunshine and plenty of it. And on the tenth of July, Neighbor Finney sent word by his little Rosey that the flax was ready for the pulling, and would Peter and Tim come bright and early the next morning and help. And then, that very evening, when they had taken their stools outside the door, and sat enjoying the cool evening after the hot day, while Mrs. Dempsey put new strong patches on the boys' ragged old overalls, something perfectly splendid happened. Better than a circus! Better than a dozen circuses! They were looking up along the road that came down from Killarney, and there came a big lad in a uniform, with a big bundle under one arm, singing, *"It's a long, long way to Tipperary"* at the top of his voice. And at that they all jumped up from their stools and hurried up the road to meet him, crying, "Larry, Larry!" at the tops of their voices.

When they had all settled down again around the door, Larry on Tim's stool, and Tim sitting astride the hood of the cradle — you surely didn't think Her Ladyship had been left indoors! — Larry answered all their many questions and told them how he came to be there.

" Well, you see, our Colonel — that's Colonel Desmond, and a fine old lad he is! — he's teaching us the tricks of marching and pitching and breaking camp in the enemy's country. We left Athlone a week ago, and stopped at Limerick; and now camp's being made just beyond Killarney, on the fair grounds, and the small boys are as thick around us as bees around a hive."

Larry leaned over, and with a sweep of one arm lifted Her Ladyship out of the cradle and set her upon his knee. Her Ladyship took to him at once. She counted the buttons on his uniform and tried to bite them off, one after the other. Larry had not seen the baby before, and he was much pleased with her.

" She's a queen," he said, and gave her one of his fingers to bite off, instead of a button.

" She is that," said Mrs. Dempsey, " and it's a good thing I can rest my hand making little petticoats and pinafores in place of all the weariness of cutting your father's trousers down into smaller ones."

" But how did you get leave to come away to-night? " asked Mr. Dempsey.

" Sure, I've gotten on the good side of the Colonel," said Larry, with a sly wink. " Says he to me, ' Larry, go and pay your respects to your family to-night, and maybe I'll pay my respects to them to-morrow! ' "

At his heels marched Peter and Tim and little Pat

"It's fooling you are," said Mr. Dempsey.

Then Pat, who had been holding the big bundle, but could not hold back his curiosity any longer, asked, "Larry, what's in this bundle?"

"Well," said Larry, "to tell the truth, I didn't tell the Colonel the truth about it. I said to him, 'Colonel, I'll be taking a bundle of wash home for my mother to do for me, with your leave.' And he gave me his leave in a jiffy."

Larry set Her Ladyship back in the cradle and opened the bundle, and there was his drum! Then you should have both seen and heard him playing it, twisting the sticks about his head with lightning rapidity, and beating a stirring noise out of the drum. As he played he marched about, head up, chest out, and a laugh in his eyes. And at his heels marched Peter and Tim and little Pat, heads up, chests out, and the fierce look of soldiers upon their faces. And what, I ask you, is a dozen circuses to that?

Pretty soon, however, he had to leave, as he had to be back in camp before the bugler played "taps." There was to be no drill next day. "But," said he, "I will come and get my wash to-morrow evening."

"Larry," said his mother, "a deceiving lad will not make a good soldier." But Larry

laughed and kissed his mother, and then went into the house and put the drum up on the hanging shelf where his father kept his fishing nets. Then when he had gone, and they had watched him wave his arm at the turn in the road, they carried their stools indoors — not forgetting the cradle, where Her Ladyship was now asleep — and went to bed. But all night long little Pat had dreams of being a hero, and as the only kind of a hero he had ever heard of was a soldier, he saw himself in his dreams all dressed up in a uniform and beating a drum.

Next morning broke bright and warm, with a breeze that set the poppies along the roadside to nodding their heads, and carried the fragrance of the sweet clover everywhere. Peter and Tim got into their overalls in a jiffy and went at once, after their breakfast, to Neighbor Finney's flax field. Mr. Dempsey took his fishing rod and line and went to the lake to see if he had caught anything with the net he had set out the day before; if it was empty he would try for some trout with his line. Mrs. Dempsey tidied up the room, fed the chickens and the pig, then hitched the donkey to the little cart, and put on her shawl.

" Patsey, honey," she said, " do you be minding Her Ladyship now, till I come back from the town. I'm taking a clutch of eggs to sell, and

maybe I'll be bringing home a bit of bacon to eat with our potatoes. Wouldn't that be nice and tasty?"

"Yes," said Pat, licking his lips all around in a circle with the tip of his tongue.

"Very well, then, see that you mind the baby like a good boy, and give her a sup of milk warm from the goat if she frets any," said his mother, settling herself in the little cart with a basket of eggs at her feet. She knew very well in her heart that there was no hurry at all about selling the eggs or buying the bacon. What she really wanted was to clap eyes upon that fine lad of hers. So off she went in a little cloud of dust, leaving Pat and Her Ladyship alone.

Meanwhile Peter and Tim, each carrying a bit of bread and cheese in a bundle for their noon meal, made their way over the hill behind the house and out beyond to Neighbor Finney's farm. Neighbor Finney had a fine, snug little farmhouse and thirty rolling acres over the hill-tops, and a boggy stream in a little round cup between the hills — just the kind of land for the flax raising. When the boys arrived at the flax field, at the sunny top of a hill, Neighbor Finney and his four big sons and some girls from round about had already started to work.

"Fall to, lads!" cried Neighbor Finney, and the two boys laid their little bundles of lunch

down under a hawthorne hedge and set to work. They had done the same piece of work for Neighbor Finney last July, and knew just how to go about it. Pulling flax is not the easiest work in the world. You must get a good grip of the stalks and pull gently but firmly, pulling up roots and all and tapping the roots against your foot or leg to knock off the dirt that clings to them. Moreover, you must be careful not to break the stalks. After a while your back gets very stiff and your hands very sore. But never mind, on you must go, only stopping now and then to straighten your back lest it break in two; and in that moment of straightening up, you can have a look at the wide and lovely blue arch of the sky, at the great hills that keep the Killarney lakes from spreading out over the country, at the little huddle of Killarney's roofs, and at the long white road, hidden here and there by the brow of a hill. Then, with a pleasant sense of having seen the world, back you bend again over your task.

Peter and Tim worked side by side, and when they talked together it was to speak about Larry, and say how fine it would be when they got home in the evening to see him again. Every now and then Neighbor Finney would cry out, "Be at it, lads! The day is going by! There's a treat coming for those that keep steadily at work!"

And so, somehow or other, they all kept at it until little Rosey came panting up the hill at noon, ringing a big bell. Peter and Tim, straightening up their backs joyfully, gave a look at the white road, and at the hilltop which hid their own house from view. Smoke was curling up over the hilltop.

"Mother's cooking the potatoes," said Tim. "They'll taste good, all hot and mealy."

"She's got a big fire," said Peter. "Look at all that smoke."

Then they followed the rest down to the cool and shady porch of the farmhouse, and there undid their bundles of food. And then out through the door came Mrs. Finney with a big pail of buttermilk, cool from the milkhouse, in one hand, and a big brown pitcher full of cold tea in the other. And that wasn't all, either, for behind her mother came Rosey with a basket of cookies. When everybody had eaten, and the big boys and girls were singing songs, Peter and Tim slipped off to have a refreshing bath in the little stream that spread out into a marshy pool farther down. The trees were thick along the stream, and the ground beneath them was covered with green ferns. After their bath the boys rolled into the ferns and lay flat upon their backs, looking up at the leafy tent overhead.

"A fine place for fairies, this is," said Peter.

"Peter," asked Tim, "do you believe in fairies?"

"Sure!" said Peter. "Do you?"

"Sure!" said Tim. There was a sleepy silence and then Peter asked, "Did you ever see a fairy?"

"Sure I did," said Tim. "I looked out one night when there was moonlight and I saw fairies swimming in it."

"Swimming in what?"

"In the moonlight. And they had wings and — and — oh, I don't know." Tim's voice was very drowsy. "Did you ever see one?" But only a silence answered this question. They were both asleep.

When Rosey rang the bell again they went quickly up the hill. The flax field was not a very big one, and they were soon through the pulling. Then came the rippling, which was the combing off from the stalks of the seed pods; this was done with coarse combs, or rakes. Then the stalks were taken, in small bundles, down to the pond, which had been dammed at one end, so that it was very deep. In this the bundles of flax were placed, roots down and close together, and over them were laid sods and boards, to keep them under water. Here they would be left several weeks to rot, and after that the flax fibers could easily be stripped away from the woody

core. Then the flax fibers would be dried in the wind and sun a week or two more, and then sent to the linen factories to be made into linen yarn and linen cloth. The seed pods would be sent to other factories to be made into linseed oil.

When at last the work was all done, the big boys and girls stayed to have supper at the farmhouse, for there would be dancing in the moonlight afterward. Peter and Tim, much against their will, must go home.

"There won't be any fun at home," said Peter.

"No, there won't," said Tim.

So they trudged off home, with their money clutched tight in their hands — their pockets were never any too safe — thinking of the fun they were missing by not being old enough to stay and see the dancing and hear Terence Rafferty playing lively tunes on his fiddle. But when they made the last turn in the road and came into view of their home, they saw a sight that put all such trifles as fiddling and dancing out of their heads completely. They picked up their feet and ran like the very wind!

But we ourselves mustn't go so fast. We must go back, indeed, to that moment when Mrs. Dempsey rode off in the cart to Killarney, leaving Pat and Her Ladyship alone. Pat rather

liked being left alone. He felt free to do things he couldn't always do when the family were at home. At first, Her Ladyship being sound asleep, he went out to make the rounds of his little world. He visited the pigsty, and had a conversation with the fat pig that would, they all hoped, take a prize at the fair next month. He was big and white and rather ferocious-looking. Neighbors going along the road always stopped to look at the Dempsey pig. Mrs. McQuirk, who lived beyond the Finneys, said they must give him a scrubbing just before fair day, and tie a ribbon around his neck. But when Mrs. Dempsey said that not a ribbon did she have to her name and no money to spare to buy one, Mrs. McQuirk said that in that case a daisy chain made out of poppies would be the very thing. Pat, leaning far over the top of the pen, pictured to himself the beautiful appearance the pig would make being led up to take the prize with the poppies around his neck. Then he went over to where Nannie the goat was browsing on next to nothing at all, with her two little kids frisking about her. Nannie had only one worry in her peaceful life, and that was the fear lest her kids in their frisking should get into the pigsty. Nannie was terribly afraid of the ferocious big pig. Next Pat visited the beehive, and watched for a while those busy little creatures, some setting

out for the clover field across the road, others coming back with their little hip pockets full of summer's sweetest nectar. And then, coming to the pile of peat sods stacked along one end of the house, it occurred to him that he had never made a fire all by himself, and that he would very much like to do so now.

Dragging two peat sods into the room, he laid them in the fireplace and, using a dozen matches, tried to light them, but in vain. Then he remembered he must have some paper and shavings beneath the sods. A large wooden box of shavings and dry wood and paper stood by the fireplace. This time he would do it right. Heaving and tugging, he pushed the box and its contents into the fireplace. One match only sufficed to start the fire now, and in a moment a great flame went up the chimney with such an angry roar that Pat took to his heels and ran outdoors. From there he saw smoke puffing from the chimney, bright with many shining sparks of fire. And he saw the summer breeze take those sparks, whirl them about in the air, and drop them down upon the thatched roof, now thoroughly dry after ten days of hot sunshine. In a little while he saw a dozen little red tongues of flame licking that dry straw thatch. For a moment he stood rooted to the spot in horror. And then a cry of anguish came from him and he ran quickly in-

doors. He must get Her Ladyship out! He must save her, cradle and all. Seizing the foot of the cradle, he dragged it across the earthen floor, and, with a mighty effort, over the sill and down upon the ground outside. The bump over the sill woke Her Ladyship out of her nap, and she smiled up at Pat. But he wasn't looking at her. He was turning a guilty look upon the roof, and to his terrified eyes it seemed as though the roof were thatched with flame instead of straw. Exerting all his strength, he drew the cradle down to the road, across it, and into the field on the other side. Her Ladyship was delighted, thinking it was a fine new game. With a mighty effort she sat bolt upright.

But Pat was now no longer a helpless little boy. He had in a moment become a man, and he bent his mind upon thinking what else he must save. He feared greatly to go into the room under that roof of fire, but go he must. With a rush he was across the road and in at the door. The thing that he carried out first was Danny's stool, which he placed beside the cradle in the field. When he returned again, bits of burning straw were falling upon the floor of the room. He knew he would not have the courage to come again. Piling one stool upon another, he reached up to the hanging shelf, whose supports were already burning, and seized Larry's drum. With

a crash the stools went over, and boy and drum tumbled to the floor. But he was up again quickly, and with the drum in one arm and the blue teapot with its pleasant jingle of money in the other, he leaped out the door and across the road. He laid the teapot in the cradle, and stood looking at the house. Suddenly a brilliant idea seized him — so brilliant that he laughed aloud, and Her Ladyship laughed with him. He slung the cord of the drum about his neck, and with the drum bobbing against his knees and himself beating upon the drum, he ran along the road to Killarney to get Larry. Why, of course! Larry would put the fire out! Larry could do anything, trust him for that!

When he had made the mile to town, and reached at last the fair grounds, he ran up against a group of two or three young officers and one older one, all in dazzling uniforms. Pat planted himself before the group and shouted as well as he could for being very much out of breath, "Sirs, where's Larry?"

Colonel Desmond, the older officer, looked down at the small barefooted boy, with cheeks wet and dirty with tears and sweat, and then at the big drum, which he recognized at once as the regiment drum. And remembering what the regiment drummer had said the day before, he burst into a great laugh.

"Oho! So you've brought back Larry's washing, have you?"

Pat stamped angrily upon the ground, and then burst into tears. "There's no washing in it at all, sir, but our house is burning down and Larry must come at once and put it out!"

And then, perhaps because the Colonel was tired of the monotony of routine duty and wanted a change and a bit of amusement, he said to Pat, "Sure, laddie, you shall have a whole company of my regiment to put your fire out." At once his voice rang out in a few sharp commands, and in a twinkling, out of the tents pitched upon the fair grounds, where they had been putting things in order, the regiment swarmed, closed ranks, and stood at attention. Ten minutes after that there was a company running at double quick along the road out of Killarney, with the officers leading on horseback, and Larry beating his drum, with Pat running along beside him. Mrs. Dempsey, who by this time had sold her eggs and bought some bacon and was standing at the store door exchanging a bit of gossip, cried out, "Musha me! I'd better be getting along home with myself!" And there she was, in the little donkey cart, close on the heels of the soldiers.

Arrived at the house, whose roof was burning merrily and steadily, the company of soldiers fell upon it as they would upon an enemy's strong-

hold. You would have thought they had been reared as a fire brigade from their cradles up. They seemed to know exactly what to do. As if by magic they put out the fire, cleared out the charred wooden beams that had fallen into the room, rescued the bed and the stools, and even, as by a miracle, the picture of Abraham Lincoln. While they were busy at this, and still handing up buckets of water from the little well at the back of the house, Colonel Desmond stood in the field beside Her Ladyship's cradle talking to Mrs. Dempsey, and hearing Pat's account of the fire. When Mrs. Dempsey had first reached the cradle she had found Her Ladyship staring at the burning roof with fascinated eyes, and with her cheeks puffed out to twice their usual size. Mrs. Dempsey had promptly pried open the little mouth with her finger, and out came pennies and sixpences and even a shilling or two. At first Mrs. Dempsey thought it was some pleasant trick of the fairies, but there lay the blue teapot in the cradle, and when she saw that she understood.

"Pat, honey," she said, as she put the money back into the blue teapot, "was it really you that rescued Her Ladyship and Danny's stool and the teapot?"

"Yes'm," said Pat. But he did not say it proudly. He said it uneasily.

"All by yourself?" asked the Colonel.

"Yessir," said Pat.

"Good work!" said the Colonel.

"Yessir!" said Pat, and went sneaking off for fear it would occur to them to ask how the fire had started.

"Well, ma'am," said the Colonel to Mrs. Dempsey, "you have your four walls left, anyway."

"True enough," said Mrs. Dempsey, "but how we'll ever get a roof over it again, I don't know."

Then the Colonel asked her a strange question. "Mrs. Dempsey, do you believe in war or peace?"

Mrs. Dempsey thought of her darling Danny, who had died at Loos. "I believe in peace, sir," she said.

"So do I, ma'am," said the Colonel, "and I'll tell you what we'll do. I had intended to have the regiment dig trenches out beyond Killarney, on the hillside. But I'll change my plans. This afternoon we'll raid the countryside for lumber and straw — a little here and a little there won't be begrudged — and to-morrow the lads will put you up a new roof. It isn't a bad thing, you know, for a soldier to learn the ways of peace."

"Colonel," said Mrs. Dempsey warmly, "you're a jewel of a man!" And then, clasping her work-worn hands together and speaking a

little anxiously, she went on, " And would you mind, sir, letting the lads get wheat straw while they're about it? A wheat thatch will last us a good twenty years, sir, but an oat thatch is gone in ten! "

And the Colonel said, " Wheat it is, ma'am," and gave a great roar of laughter, and Her Ladyship, having her mouth emptied of the sixpences and pennies, was able to join in with great delight.

That evening the Dempsey family cooked and ate their supper outdoors in gipsy fashion. As the sun went down and twilight slipped in on quiet feet, Pat told his story — that is, all but the first part — three times over. By the time the first star came out he was quite a hero. His chest began to swell, and Peter and Tim, who had worked hard all day without any praise whatever, began to get jealous. Here was Father promising to take Pat fishing with him next week, and Mother allowing him to sit on Danny's stool and even talking of peppermint drops next time she was in Killarney with a penny to spare. Pat's little red tongue went licking around his lips in a circle. But before the tongue had gotten halfway around Mr. Dempsey suddenly asked, " But how did the fire begin in the first place? "

With a sinking heart Pat told the truth.

" What sort of a hero is that, that would light

a fire unbeknownst to his mother?" cried Mrs. Dempsey.

"And maybe burn up his little sister!" shouted Mr. Dempsey.

"And Danny's stool maybe not saved at all!" said Mrs. Dempsey.

And then Mr. Dempsey got up and took the now weeping hero out behind the pigsty, and I wouldn't like to say in cold words just what happened — with that ferocious pig looking on — but maybe you can guess.

Meanwhile Peter and Tim talked of the new roof that was going up to-morrow, and what a glorious thing that would be to watch.

"I believe the fairies are in it all," said Peter.

"I don't believe in fairies any more," announced Tim firmly.

"But you said this noon that you saw some once, wings and all!" said Peter.

"Oh, I just *said* that," said Tim. "They wouldn't have wings, anyway."

"What would they have, then?"

"Uniforms," said Tim.

It was a warm, clear, starlight night when at last the Dempsey family went to bed in their roofless house. The little lean-to, being only of wood, had burned away, but the four stone walls stood faithfully in their places, and by now had cooled off sufficiently for use. Peter and Tim

lay stretched upon the earthen floor, flat upon their backs, but Pat, poor hero, lay upon his stomach with one round cheek pressed upon Mother Earth. Her Ladyship, after all this unheard-of excitement, was fretful, and cried a little. And presently her mother got up and sat upon Danny's stool, and took the little one in her arms. Mrs. Dempsey looked up into the sky that was her roof that night, and a whole regiment of stars looked down at her, as she softly crooned a lullaby.

Heaven is a fine place,
A fine place entirely!
Oh, like Killarney
In rose-time 'twill be!
With Mary in a blue gown
Flowered like the meadows,
And little Christ as like a rose
As any rose you'd see!

Himself is high upon a throne,
But Herself sits a-rocking
In a low rocking-chair,
Her Babe on her knee.
Sure now he'd go to sleep at once,
And Herself a-crooning,
And not lie with his eyes wide,
The way you treat me.

So fasten down your eyelids,
And get you gone a-sleeping,

And in a little heart-beat
In Heaven you will be.
And when you've bowed to Himself,
And made Herself a curtsey,
And kissed the little Rose o' Heaven,
Come back-along to me![1]

By the time Mrs. Dempsey had sung the lullaby through — oh, so softly! — Her Ladyship had fastened down her eyelids as peaceably as you please. What was Her Ladyship's real name, you ask? I don't know. I'm not sure she had a name. Anyway, she didn't really need one, the darling!

[1] By permission of the *New York Evening Post.*

II

THE MACDONALD PLAID

"TAG!" cried Donal, giving Kirstie a thump on the back and springing away on nimble feet.

"I'll taggit you!" screamed Kirstie, and away she went in pursuit of Donal over the great moor. They were like young foxes, the two children, with their reddish hair, bright sharp eyes, quick feet, and noses keen for scents. Over the brown earth they ran, through the purple heather and the golden gorse, trampling down clumps of waving ferns and crawling through the slender stems of the broom plant. And now Donal is panting. Kirstie has her tongue hanging out. Their hearts are thumping. Their ears are singing. And then Donal runs down to the side of the moor to where a little stream slips along between moor and hill, takes a flying leap across it, and turns to jeer victoriously at Kirstie. Kirstie's legs are far too short to make that jump.

No, they are not always playing, these two Scottish bairns. They have lessons to do in winter time, just like the rest of you. Even when the freezing winter weather has settled down

over the country and they cannot walk the long miles to the school in the Town, Grandfather sets them sums to do upon their slates, and Father has them read Æsop's Fables to him — in Latin, if you please! And too, there's the woodcutting work, at which they help, and the carrying of kindling wood to the Town to sell. Oh, they're busy enough! Want to hear their story?

We are so used to reading in Grimm's Fairy Tales stories of woodcutters in the Black Forest, that perhaps we think that all woodcutters, Hop-o'-my-Thumb's father and the rest, cut their wood there. But there are still many forests left in the world, in spite of all the cutting that has been done, and axes still ring in them, with flying chips where they bite into the stalwart tree trunks, and piles of fragrant logs to show what they have done. Woodcutters ring the world around with their sweet-smelling work. And in this story we have to do with a woodcutter in Scotland.

Away up north in Scotland, not so very far from where King Macbeth lived in olden days, a great lord, or laird as they call it there, had an estate that covered more than one rugged mountain, and at least one wide moor. This moor, rolling up to the sky at one end, was covered with bracken and gorse in the summertime, out of which birds would start up suddenly and go

whirring into the air until they were mere dots. In the springtime wild flowers made a pleasant carpet there, but in November the first snow spread its chilly coverlid out of which a few dry stalks of weeds stood up and rattled in the wind, while from the hills surrounding the moor drifted down the song of the pines.

On the edge of the moor, where it began to dip down into the valley of Pebbly Brook, stood a woodcutter's house, a very humble house indeed, but at the same time a very happy home. It had stood there for many years, built strongly of stone and plastered over, with a thatched roof on which sometimes a bracken seed would lodge in windy spring to become a waving green feather in midsummer. The thatch was thick and warm, and came down well over the windows like eyebrows forever frowning. There were but two rooms, and in each the floor was of stone. Here John Macdonald had been born when his father before him was woodcutter to the laird, and here he had brought his wife Janet when they were married. His father, Old Jock, was still living, and sat most of his days, for he was very old, beside the wide fireplace, lonely when the family was off in the woods at work, and happy when they sat about the fire with him, listening to his tales of the days of yore.

Sometimes on winter evenings, when the win-

dows were covered with frost and the moon rose over the windy stretches of the moor, the old man went to a little cupboard over the chimneypiece and took out his most precious possession, a book of the "Poems of Ossian," old and worn, which he handled with reverent care. These strange and lovely old tales of the early chieftains and warriors of Scotland were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth for centuries, before they were gathered together and printed in a book. Many of them had to do with the old heroic chieftains, Fingal and Ossian. Old Jock could have told the tales quite as well without the book, but he loved the feel of it in his hands, he said.

When Old Jock spread the book open on his knee, Janet settled herself in her corner with her knitting, John sat near by smoking his pipe, and the two children, sturdy Donal and bright-eyed Kirstie, sat one at each knee of Old Jock, listening with eyes and ears and hearts. Old Jock pushed his long white hair back from his face, and his eyes looked as though he could see those ancient heroes before him. And with a solemn voice he began, "A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!"

When he had finished a tale, he allowed the children to recite the parts they liked best, for they had learned their favorite parts by heart,

having heard the tales so often. Donal liked best of all the address of Ossian to the sun:

O Thou that rollest above,
Round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O Sun?
Whence thy everlasting light?
Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty;
The stars hide themselves in the sky;
The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave;
But thou thyself movest alone.
Who can be a companion of thy course?
The oaks of the mountains fall;
The mountains themselves decay with years;
The ocean shrinks and grows again;
The moon herself is lost in heaven;
But thou art forever the same,
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.
When the world is dark with tempests,
When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds
And laughest at the storm!

Donal's eyes always flashed when he recited these words, but when Kirstie recited her favorite part she very often ended up with a tear in each eye:

I have seen the walls of Balclutha,
But they were desolate!
The fire had resounded in the halls,
And the voice of the people is heard no more.

The stream of Clutha
Was turned from its place by the fall of the walls.
The thistle shook there its lonely head:
The moss whistled to the wind.
The fox looked out from the windows:
The rank grass of the wall waved round his head.
Desolate is the dwelling of Moina:
Silence is in the house of her fathers.

Old Jock, getting out his handkerchief and wiping away Kirstie's tears, would ask the little lassie tenderly what it was that touched her so, and sometimes Kirstie would say, "Why, that lonely thistle, Grandfather," and at other times she would say, "Well, there was nothing for the little fox to eat." Kirstie half wished she might have been the lovely Moina, but Donal was absolutely sure he would have gladly been the great Ossian.

In the mornings, from the moment the sun gilded those little rattling weeds lifted above the snow, there was no time to think of brave heroes and lovely heroines. Then the children must get up at once, for there was much to be done. Donal made the fire, Kirstie stirred the porridge, while Mother milked the cow and Father fed the donkey. Eppie the donkey must also work, and especially at the woodcutting seasons. John Macdonald cut wood for the laird who lived in the great stone house perched on a crag high up

the mountain side. It was from up there that Pebbly Brook came tumbling down into the valley and reached at last the Town, six miles away, where it turned the mill wheels. John had as his pay for the woodcutting his little farm rent free, and all the branches of the trees he cut down that were below a certain size.

When they had eaten their porridge and milk, and Old Jock had drunk the cup of hot tea he needed to keep him warm, they got ready for a day in the forest. John fastened two large, deep baskets on Eppie's sleek gray sides, Janet filled a little basket with newly baked scones, Donal put a ball of twine and a pair of shears in one of Eppie's baskets, and Kirstie carried a bag of eggs very, very carefully. They started out in good spirits, singing some stern old Scotch hymns as they went. At first they walked downstream for a mile or so, and then turned up a rough cart road on the right. As they mounted slowly upward the forest grew deeper, the underbrush thicker. Sometimes a startled rabbit ran across the road; sometimes a deer went crashing through the bushes by the roadside. There were many wild gooseberry and blackberry bushes in the underbrush, and the fruit of these the children had gathered in the summer for their mother's jam making. At last they came to a broad level shelf on the hillside. Here, in a clearing, stood

a wooden hut. Back of the hut a young man, Sandy McGill, John's helper, was already swinging his axe. Here and there stood neat piles of logs cut to the proper length for the laird's huge open fireplace in his great hall. From the clearing they could look across the valley and see the laird's great stone house, its windows all afire with the light of the sun, now high enough to peer over the shoulder of the opposite hill.

John Macdonald took a key from his pocket and opened the door of the wooden hut. There was a stove inside, a table, a few chairs, and a great wooden chest, padlocked, which contained tools. John unlocked this and took out the tools they would need for the day. Then Donal built a fire in the stove and Janet sat there knitting as contentedly as though she were at home. Janet did not always come up to the clearing with them, but now and then she enjoyed a day in the forest.

John and Sandy worked steadily all morning, sometimes with axes, sometimes with a long two-handled saw. Meanwhile the children were far from idle. They gathered up all the smaller branches, broke or cut them into even lengths, and tied them up with the twine into bundles to be used for kindling wood. When their hands got cold in the sharp November air they ran into the hut and warmed them at the stove.

At noon they all stopped to eat. Janet un-

packed the scones, boiled some eggs and made some hot tea. And then, while John and Sandy smoked their pipes and told stories and jokes, the children raced up and down like wild young creatures until they were warm through and through and their cheeks like winter apples.

"Ye are good Macdonalds to the marrow," said John, proud of his children's vigorous bodies contented with plain food, and their wholesome young minds joyous over simple pleasures.

"And that makes me think," said Janet, nodding and smiling at her bonny bairns, "if 'tis as cold as this to-morrow when you start for the Town, you may take the Macdonald Plaid to keep you warm."

This was great news to the children. Always they had wanted to be trusted with the Macdonald Plaid, a great, long woolen shawl of the colors of the Macdonald Clan that even Old Jock could remember as being a family treasure away back in his boyhood days.

"We will take turns wearing it," said Kirstie.

"Yes, Kirstie first and then me," said Donal.

But their father laughed and said, "When I was courting your mother, we found it big enough to keep us both warm at once, did we not, Janet?"

"Indeed, yes!" said Janet. "And I remember we walked home in it the frosty day we were

married, all the way from the Kirk in the Town to the wee bit hoose on the moor's edge. The moon came up before we reached home, and the broad back of the moor was as silver as a lake."

All the afternoon again they worked. When Kirstie's bundles of kindling wood were uneven, or too loosely tied, or not big enough, her father made her do them over again. He said that there would be no flaw in the tuppenny bit she would be paid for each bundle in the Town on the morrow, and so there must be no flaw in the bundle. Donal, two years older than Kirstie, who was only eleven, always had neat and even bundles, firmly held by two twists of twine tied into knots that would not come undone.

At last the day was over. The fire in the stove was carefully put out; the tools were wiped dry and put away in the chest; the house door locked. While John and Sandy did these things Janet and the children filled the baskets on the donkey with the bundles of kindling wood, and tied some long bundles of twigs, which Old Jock could make into brooms for Janet, across the patient creature's back. Eppie was handsome, as donkeys go, with smooth gray hide, patient eyes, and ears that could sometimes be alert, sometimes wag reproachfully.

Sandy said good-by and went whistling away up over the brow of the hill, for he lived in the

valley beyond, with his axe over his shoulder. They had so much wood cut now that in a week's time John and Sandy would drive up to the clearing with a big wagon, load on the logs, and take them up to the laird's wood-house on the hill opposite. There had been one particularly big and beautiful log that they thought would surely be chosen for the Yule log at Christmas time, now almost here.

That night, in the little house by the moor, when a story of Ossian had been read by Grandfather, and a chapter or two from the Book of Job by Father, who insisted that Job was a greater hero than Ossian, the children were so full of spirits that they begged not to be sent to bed at once. Could they not just dance the Highland Fling before they went? John growled a bit first, and then consented. Donal ran joyfully and got the bagpipes from a nail behind the door, and then, upon the hearth in the glow of the fire, the two children danced that joyous dance to the skirling of the pipes.

Next morning, which was a Saturday, it was a proud moment to the children when Janet got out the Macdonald Plaid from the chest, unwrapping it from the clean white cotton cover in which it was kept. Its colors were a little faded, but as Old Jock said, " Any man with a drop of the Macdonald blood in him would thrill at sight

of it." The donkey was loaded with the two baskets of kindling wood, Donal put on a warm worsted vest under his coat, and Janet wrapped Kirstie up in the Plaid. Then away the two children and the donkey went, down the valley along Pebbly Brook, towards the Town.

Six miles is a long way for a heavy heart, but for such light hearts as Donal's and Kirstie's it was no length at all. Whether or no Eppie's heart was light we cannot say, but at least her neat little gray legs moved briskly. In summer the children always took this journey barefoot, to save their shoes, but it was too cold for that now.

"How many bundles have we to-day, brother?" asked Kirstie.

"Fifteen in each basket," said Donal. "That makes thirty. And at tuppence each that will bring us five shillings."

"Mother said," said Kirstie, "that if we sold every bundle we might buy a few raisins for a mealy pudding."

"Losh!" said Donal. "It makes my mouth water. If you'll give me the raisins out of your part of the pudding I'll give you all the mealy part of mine."

"Not me!" said Kirstie. "I shall eat every raisin I find in my piece and then wheedle at Mother for more."

After a while they came in sight of the Town. It lay in a silver loop of the stream, which by now had widened to quite a river. On one side of the river stood the woolen mills, and on the other, at the edge of the Town in a grove of trees, they could see the gray stone towers of the big school where lads for miles around went to prepare for one of the big universities.

When they reached the Town they went at once to the square, and tied Eppie to a ring in an iron post in front of Mr. Craigie's shop. In Mr. Craigie's shop you could buy garden tools and seeds, soap, a few dry groceries, smoked hams, cough drops, camphor, tobacco and toys. Mr. Craigie welcomed the children and told them he would take ten of their bundles of kindling wood. Donal brought the bundles in, and put the money deep down into his safest pocket.

"Have ye got a cold, now, either of ye?" asked Mr. Craigie, looking at their rosy cheeks. They both shook their heads.

"Or a cough?" went on Mr. Craigie. Both children coughed the best they could, considering that they had never had a cough in their lives.

"Aha!" said Mr. Craigie, with a wink. "Ye surely are bad this morning!" He took down a jar from a shelf and gave them each a little black licorice drop.

"They are ugly little black things," said Mr.

Craigie, " but would ye believe it, now, the licorice plant has beautiful blue flowers! Think of that and chew them slowly, and maybe ye won't cough any more to-day. Blue, mind ye. As blue as the flax flowers." And with a laugh he went off to attend to a customer, and the children went out.

And then — can you believe it? — Eppie was gone! Bag and baggage, she had disappeared. Not a trace of her left. Kirstie choked on her cough drop and burst into tears, but Donal said gravely, " Macdonalds do not cry until they are really hurt," and dragging Kirstie by the hand, started off to look for the missing donkey. Up and down and around they walked, but nowhere could they find any trace of Eppie. Footsore and weary, they returned to Mr. Craigie's shop and told him their tale of woe. Mr. Craigie was full of sympathy; he gave them each a hoarhound lozenge.

" There! " he said. " Try those. You might not know it, but the hoarhound belongs to the mint family. Very respectable plants. 'Tis a fact." Then he went to the door and looked out and all around. " Aha! " he cried. " This is Saturday and the school lads are free. Best go over and look about on the school green. There's twelve chances out of nine the little beast is there."

"Come down! Come down!" screamed Kirstie

"Eppie is not a beast, she is a lady," said Kirstie, so emphatically that the hoarhound lozenge leaped out of her mouth and across the narrow sidewalk into the street.

"Have ye looked for the lady on the school green?" asked Mr. Craigie gravely.

"No, sir," said the children.

"Better try it," said Mr. Craigie. "Strange things happen over there."

So Donal and Kirstie went over to the school campus, a lovely stretch of rolling lawns under tall elms and oaks. They went in through the great stone gates rather timidly, but no one was in sight anywhere. In and out among the ivy-covered buildings they went, but nowhere was Eppie in sight. And yet —

"Hark!" said Donal.

He seized Kirstie by the arm. Surely that was Eppie's plaintive bray. It seemed to come from the air. Both looked up. There on the edge of a gray roof, with her little gray legs braced firmly and her ears full of reproach, stood Eppie.

"Come down! Come down!" screamed Kirstie, dancing up and down in her excitement and distress. Donal clapped his hand over her mouth.

"Silly blatherskite!" he said. "Don't you know she is as likely as not to come right down the side of the house if you call her?"

Kirstie stopped screaming but went on danc-

ing, and the ends of the Plaid waved like banners. At this moment a group of students came around the corner of the building. At sight of the little dancing figure and the distressed face of Kirstie, they stopped short. Then one of them exclaimed, "The Macdonald Plaid, as I live!" And putting his hands to his mouth in megaphone fashion he shouted, "Macdonalds to the rescue! Macdonalds to the rescue!"

In answer to this call there presently came running up five more lads, and the six crowded about Donal and Kirstie, while the others went on about their own affairs. Donal and Kirstie soon told their trouble, pointing to poor Eppie.

"That's one of the Freshmen's childish tricks," said the first Macdonald, who had himself done the same thing with a stray cow the year before. "We'll have her ladyship down in a jiffy." And in less time than it takes to tell it, the six had rushed into the building, appeared shortly upon the roof, and with the combined effort of twelve strong arms and six determined wills, brought poor Eppie safely to the ground.

"But where are her baskets?" cried Donal, while Kirstie's tears began to flow afresh. And he explained to the big lads that two baskets and twenty bundles of kindling wood were missing.

"See here, you young Macdonalds," said the first Macdonald, "we'll buy the lost baskets and

bundles. Anything to comfort kinsmen in distress!" And whipping off his cap, he passed it around among his five fellow students. There was a pleasant clink of shillings in the cap. The lad handed the cap to Kirstie with a flourish.

Donal and Kirstie bent over the cap and counted the money and calculated gravely on their fingers, and at last Donal said, "There's enough to buy two baskets and pay for the wood and two shillings over." He put two shillings back into the cap and handed it to its owner.

"But," said Kirstie, "this isn't fair. You do not get anything for your money."

"Yes, we do, too!" said the first Macdonald, with a laugh. "We get the Freshmen!"

And at that, with a shout, the six of them cried, "We get the Freshmen! We get the Freshmen!"

"Hold on," said one of them. "Why can't our young kinsmen give us some amusement for our money? What can you do, youngsters? Can you dance the Highland Fling?"

Could they! If there were but bagpipes — That was easily fixed. One lad hastened with flying heels into the building and came back with pipes, skirling as he came. Then in the clear, crisp November air Donal and Kirstie, their eyes like stars, their cheeks like June roses, danced with all the joyous abandon and grace of

happy children. When at last they stopped for lack of breath, there was warm applause and a cry for more. At that Donal stepped forward and recited Ossian's address to the sun, followed by Kirsty with the lament for the desolation of Balclutha. After that there was a respectful silence, and then such a ringing cheer that it brought an inquiring student face to every window of the big building and caused Eppie to tremble in the legs.

Next, things happened so quickly that the children are not clear to this day as to just what did happen. But as the great bell on the courthouse struck twelve o'clock, followed by the mill whistles, they found themselves on the homeward road, Eppie stepping jauntily along beside them with two new baskets hanging at her sides. In the bottom of one basket lay a package of raisins. In the bottom of Donal's safest pocket lay five shillings. And tucked beneath the tongue of each child, where it would last the longest, was a hoarhound lozenge, a parting gift from Mr. Craigie. They walked in blissful silence. After a while Donal shifted his lozenge to one cheek and said, "Losh! What doings!" But Kirstie said nothing. She remembered the lozenge she had so indiscreetly lost.

That night around the peat fire at home, you may be sure Donal's and Kirstie's story was

listened to with the deepest interest. When the last question had been asked and the last answer had been given, Janet rose and put away the Macdonald Plaid, laying it tenderly in the chest.

"Well," said Old Jock, "the Macdonald blood is good stuff, wherever found."

"Aye," said John, "'tis so. Thick and red."

Whether Eppie had dizzy dreams that night of high roofs and slippery footholds, we cannot say, nor can she.

III

THE BAEDEKER BOY

Young John Stow did not know that he had been given the name of a man much more famous than himself. He had heard of Shakespeare, but he had never heard of that old John Stow that had studied every nook and corner of the City of London in the days when Shakespeare was a young man, and had written down all he had found out in a fascinating book. Whether young John got his name from old John, who can say? But like that old John he was fond of prowling about in odd, out-of-the-way corners when he had a spare half-day. When this story begins young John had never come across old John's book, but you shall hear how he came across another book about London that became a great delight to him — a book that is as conspicuous in the hands of tourists seeing London as is the red cross on an emergency kit.

Young John Stow was a bell boy in the Bailey Hotel in the West End of London. When he had gone to answer the advertisement saying that a bell boy was wanted there, he had found a dozen other boys ahead of him in the small room off the

office where they were told to wait, and where a good bit of lively scuffling was going on. John, being a quiet boy, with a pair of grave eyes, was afraid he had no chance at all, with these lively chaps ahead of him. But to his great surprise and happiness, the job was given to him. On the day when first he put on the neat gray suit with its shining buttons which the Bailey bell boys wore, his heart thumped joyfully beneath it, and his solemn face almost smiled.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to be a bell boy in a big hotel. Bells are forever ringing that he must answer, and he must carry up to those "Beautiful Ones," as John called them, who rang their bells so frequently, everything from a newspaper to a mustard plaster. Often a Beautiful One sent him out to buy flowers for her, or took him with her, by special arrangement with Mr. Simpson, the clerk at the desk, to carry her purchases home. Always there were suit cases and hat boxes to carry up and down for those arriving or leaving. And when the Beautiful Ones, dressed like queens, went in the evening with their husbands to the opera, John Stow opened the front door with a solemn flourish for them to pass out. These Beautiful Ones used to wonder among themselves why John Stow never smiled. But they had never seen John when he was sent to buy a rose or a bunch of vio-

lets in the morning for them to wear at the breakfast table. For then John always ran quickly to the station, two blocks away, of the underground railway, and bought the flowers from his own sister Joanna, who was flower girl there. John always smiled when he saw Joanna standing there with her basket of flowers.

Joanna got up very early every morning and went to the Covent Garden Market. Under one of its great sheds is the flower market. Here the gardeners from the country round about unloaded from their wagons great boxes and baskets of all the kinds of flowers you ever heard of, and quite a good many that you never heard of at all. Joanna bought little bunches of white and purple heather, branches of broom with its yellow flowers, violets and maidenhair fern, daffodils, cowslips, primroses — whatever was in season. Then she hurried by the underground, and got off at the station near Bailey's Hotel. There the men going to their business or the ladies going shopping often stopped to buy her flowers. The people of London are fond of flowers, and all over the city the flower girls serve them. There was one old white-haired Scotchman whose work was at the British Museum. One morning he asked Joanna if she never had a thistle to sell. The thistle is the flower of Scotland as the goldenrod is the flower of America.

Joanna had never seen any thistles at the market; they did not seem like flowers at all to her. She supposed that they were prickly weeds that the donkeys were contrary enough to eat. But she asked Mr. Crum at the market if he wouldn't bring some. And every morning after that she sold the old Scotchman a great prickly, purple thistle. And when he paid her he always said, "Thank you, my dear," and put it into his buttonhole.

One day somebody left in one of the rooms at the Bailey Hotel a rather battered-looking book, with a red cover, and with many pencil marks inside. John was hastening along a corridor when he saw a chambermaid putting it into a wastebasket. He ran and snatched the book from the basket and held it up before her.

"Ho!" cried John. "That's a book!"

"So I have eyes to see," said the chambermaid, who was very busy and a little cross.

"Would you throw away a book!" said John reproachfully. To him a book was a very precious thing.

"Ain't you smart!" said the chambermaid. "Why, this book is no good. There are enough of them left behind here in a year's time to make a bonfire for Guy Fawkes' Day."

"May I have it?" asked John.

"Help yourself; nobody else wants it," said

the chambermaid, and walked off with a great pile of sheets and pillowcases in her arms.

John pounced upon the book and buttoned it up inside his jacket while he went along the corridor to answer the bell of Room 56. At his first chance he put it away in the locker where he kept his home clothes. All day, which was an unusually busy one, he had no opportunity to look at the book. But he was off duty early that day, and at five o'clock, when he had put on his own clothes and folded the uniform neatly away in the locker, he took the book and hurried home. Joanna was not at the underground station at this time of day. She sold her flowers between seven and eight in the morning and then went to a small restaurant where she waited on table the rest of the day. When John got into the underground train to ride home — it was too far to walk — he did not look at the book. He leaned his head wearily back, closed his eyes, and contented himself with wondering what it would be about. But when at last he reached the rather forlorn place that he called home, he opened the door, shut it behind him with a bang, and cried, "Ho! Dad! Mother! Kit and Kitten! Look what I've got!"

Did I say forlorn? Oh, but that was only on the outside, I do assure you! The great building was indeed rather dingy and dilapidated, but the

five rooms on the third floor, which were home to the Stows, were bright and cheerful and spotlessly clean. John went through the tiny hall directly to the kitchen, where he knew everybody would be. Mother was there cooking supper; and Father, who had to sit all day in a wheel chair, was reading the paper. The twins, Christopher and Crystal, known as Kit and Kitten, were setting the table, and getting very much in the way in spite of their help. John went at once to his father and laid the book on his lap.

"There!" he said, knowing how well his father would be pleased with something new to read, for he had in the last two years read the shelf of books in the parlor, from the Shakespeare at one end to the fat old dictionary at the other, more than once over.

"Why," said Mr. Stow in pleased surprise, "it's a Baedeker's 'London'!"

Such a furor as that castaway book did make! When supper was over and the dishes all cleared and Mr. Stow's chair wheeled up close to the table, he laid the book on the table, spread out the maps one after the other, explaining meanwhile what a Baedeker was. The Baedeker people, he said, were publishers in Germany, who for many years had prepared these guidebooks telling everything about the various countries and cities of the world that travelers and tourists

would like to know. There were maps and plans and directions; there were the names of hotels and how much it cost to stay at them; there were lists of the famous pictures in the art galleries; there were bits of history; there were the names of men who had made certain houses famous just by living in them — everything! Joanna came in late and joined the family around the table. Father read them paragraphs here and there from the book, and they had no idea that their own city was so full of interesting things.

At last Kit and Kitten were sent to bed; then Joanna and Mother went also. But John and his father sat over the maps until the clock struck twelve and the cats were yowling and prowling on the back fence. And after that the Bailey Hotel's youngest bell boy lay wide awake, his head so full of Old London Bridge and Guild Hall and the Tower and Sir Christopher Wren and Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh and quaint old taverns and ancient signboards and dark and crooked alleys that it is a wonder he ever fell asleep at all.

And that is how young John Stow of the twentieth century took to hunting up all the interesting places and all the out-of-the-way corners of London, as old John Stow of the sixteenth century had done before him, only that young John had had very little education, and certainly did

not dream of writing a book about what he saw. He took to walking home instead of riding on the two afternoons when he got off at five o'clock, and was always late to supper by an hour or two. Indeed, when summer made the days long and twilight was still not night at nine o'clock, he was often later than Joanna. But nobody minded it, because when he did get home, he always had something to tell, and opening the map of the Baedeker, would show where he had been. Often he and his father planned beforehand where he would go.

If only the Beautiful Ones who thought that Bell Boy John never smiled could have seen him bursting into that little kitchen, his grave face one beaming smile from ear to ear, they would have changed their minds. Or if they could have heard his voice —" Ho, Dad! I saw the Cheshire Cheese Inn to-day, and the very seat where Dr. Samuel Johnson sat for his tea, at the time he was writing that old dictionary of ours! And the cook in his apron and cap was fetching in a big pie, Mother, and I up and asked a cook's boy what's in that pie, and he says, ' Larks.' And I says, ' What, songs and all? ' And then I went to the house where Dr. Johnson lived, up an alley from there; and I went in, Dad, because it is free to the public, it says so in the Baedeker, and I'm the public — well, you needn't laugh,

I'm part of it, anyway!" And all of this he said in one breath, so that really it should have no commas or periods in it. And then he laughed at himself.

By the end of the summer John had had as much education as if he had gone to school — and perhaps more. For he not only had learned the ins and outs of his native city, from Westminster Abbey to London Tower, but he had learned, helped out by his father, much of its history and the names of many of the people who had helped to make that history. And when now and then he found that the London County Council, the group of men who determined what old buildings should be torn down to make way for new ones, had given orders for the destruction of some ancient house that he had just been looking up and reading about in his Baedeker, he was quite distressed.

Meanwhile he was doing his work at the Bailey Hotel as well as he knew how. He kept his uniform neat, his buttons polished, his shoes blacked, his finger nails clean and his temper sweet; and if that isn't pretty nearly the whole duty of man, at least it is an important part of it. And still the Beautiful Ones wondered why this obliging and swift-footed bell boy was always so grave. They had no idea how happy the heart was that looked out of those solemn eyes and beat behind

those well-polished buttons. John wouldn't have changed places with the Prince of Wales himself! "Poor child!" said the Beautiful Ones to each other. "He must have troubles of his own."

And then one day at the end of the summer trouble came, sure enough. Kit and Kitten, seven years old, had gone on an errand to the nearest greengrocer for their mother, and did not come home. They had gone off hand in hand, Kit with the basket and Kitten with the money held tight in her hand, at ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Stow began to be anxious and went herself to the greengrocer's. Mr. Bumper was wrapping up a cabbage for a customer. Mrs. Stow, without waiting for him to finish, asked anxiously if her two children had come in at about ten o'clock.

"Yes, ma'am, they did so," said Mr. Bumper, "and bought some stuff and put it into their basket and went off with it. Ain't it so, Mrs. Bumper?"

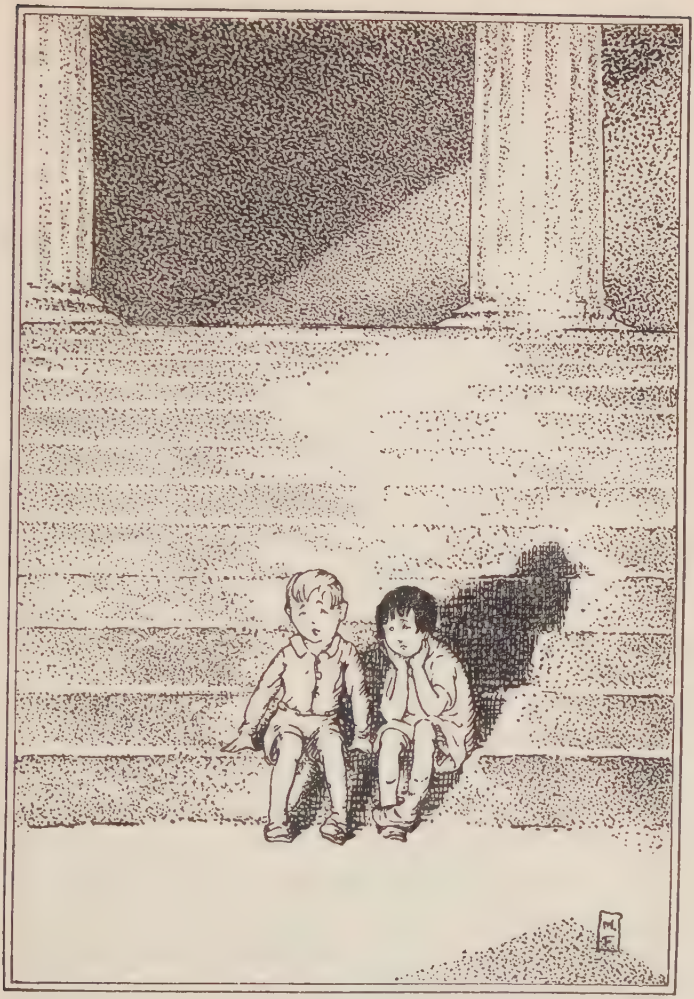
Mrs. Bumper, who had been stooping down behind the counter, rose up like a jack-in-the-box. "Yes, ma'am," she said, "they were here, bless their pretty faces, and they left as soon as they got their packages, ma'am."

Mrs. Stow wrung her hands in distress. What should she do? Why, of course, get John and

Joanna at once. So she 'phoned to the hotel and to the restaurant and told John and Joanna that the children had been lost for more than an hour and that they must come home at once, and then she hurried home herself.

When the office clerk at the Bailey Hotel called John to the 'phone and he had heard the message, his face grew quite pale. Without getting permission to leave, without stopping to change his uniform, he went home as fast as he could. He knew he was breaking two rules and he knew he would lose his job, but he had no time to think of that. He could only think of his anxious father in the wheel chair, his mother frantic with distress and not knowing what to do, and two helpless little children lost in London! Now that John knew his city so well, he knew that it was not all made up of fine buildings and handsome parks. He knew there were dark streets and darker alleys where harm could come to the two little ones.

Straight home he went first of all, and after hearing his mother's story he went to Mr. Bumper's store, and with that as a center, went about that neighborhood in widening circles. And now, to his surprise, he found that in his walks about London he had made friends here and there without knowing it, people who had become interested in the boy with the book, and



The thousand miles had gotten them to the British Museum

thought of him as "the Baedeker boy." The cook's boy at the Cheshire Cheese came to help him hunt. The Fleet Street policemen added several hunters from their force. Newsboys took up the cry of "Two children lost!" By one o'clock a crowd of boys and men were hunting, up Fetter Lane and around St. Paul's and up Milk Street and around the Bank and back by Threadneedle Street, and even down to the fish market, the slipperiest, messiest place in the world. Joanna went to Covent Garden Market, remembering she had once taken them there. Four o'clock came. Mrs. Stow ran distractedly from one place to another and Mr. Stow sat at home, looking at the Baedeker map and groaning over the great maze of streets, in any one of which his lost children might be.

But bless you, they found them! And it seems that a poor hungry woman, seeing their basket of food, had snatched it from them and run down an alley, the twins chasing after her to get their basket back. According to their own tale, they had run about a hundred miles in every direction after the woman, and then walked about a thousand miles more, trying to get home. And the thousand miles had gotten them to the British Museum. As they sat forlorn and weary and frightfully hungry on the steps of that great building, an old white-haired man came out and

walked down the steps. Kit, looking at him, jumped up and said, " Sir! "

The old man stopped and looked at Kit.

" That's a thistle you have in your buttonhole, sir," said Kit.

" It is, but not a Scotch one, as it should be," said the man.

" Did you buy it from my sister Joanna? " asked Kit. " She sells one to a Scotchman every day." And at his own mention of Joanna, Kit burst into tears, which is easy to do when one is only seven and home a thousand miles away. Kitten, being also seven, did likewise. Then Mr. MacGregor, for that was his name, wiped their tears on his own big handkerchief, heard their story, and calling a cab, took them home.

John was too weary that night to do anything but fall into bed, leaving Mr. MacGregor and his father and mother talking together. Next morning, with a face so grave that the Beautiful Ones would have been horrified, he reached the Bailey Hotel early, and went at once to the office. There he stood quietly at the clerk's desk until the clerk looked up. There was a lump in his throat and the world looked gloomy. He hoped none of the other bell boys would come in.

" That you, Stow? " asked Mr. Simpson.

" Yessir," said John, gulping at the lump.

Mr. Simpson drew a number of shillings from

the drawer and tossed them out on the desk.

"You're fired, Stow," said Mr. Simpson. He did not mean to be unkind by his unfeeling brevity, but he had "fired" so many bell boys that he was quite hardened to it.

"Yessir, thank you, sir," said John. He looked at Mr. Simpson with big, mournful eyes, picked up the shillings, and went to the locker room and took off his uniform. He folded it carefully, running his hand over the buttons he had been so proud to wear. It was even more of a blow than he had thought it would be, to part with that uniform. He sighed, put on his own suit, and went slowly out. Turning around as he crossed the street, he looked up at the Bailey Hotel. One of the Beautiful Ones, at her window, nodded and smiled at him. But John had no heart for smiling. He walked the few blocks to the underground station, and there was Joanna selling a thistle to Mr. MacGregor.

"You look very blue this morning," said Mr. MacGregor to John. "Have you lost the twins again?"

"I have lost my job," said John, and blinked manfully to keep the tears back.

Mr. MacGregor fixed the thistle carefully into his buttonhole. "Thank you, my dear," he said to Joanna. And then to John, "I need a page in my department at the British Museum.

Would you like to apply for the job this morning?"

Would he! All of John's soul rose up in a glorified smile to those grave eyes of his.

"Come with me, then," said Mr. MacGregor. "You may carry this book for me. You will have to carry many books for me if you become my page."

He handed John a book, just a small book with a sober blue cover, but John stared in surprise and fascination at the gilt title on the back — "The Survey of London, by John Stow." Then Mr. MacGregor tipped his hat to Joanna, and followed by John, dipped down into the earth to take the train. Young John Stow, holding old sixteenth-century John Stow's book under his arm and stumbling down the stone steps after Mr. MacGregor, must have felt like Alice, falling down the rabbit-hole into Wonderland.

IV

THE STREET OF THE GOOD CHILDREN

THERE is a short street in Paris that is called the Street of the Good Children, or, as they say there, the Rue des Bons Enfants. It is one of the very old streets of Paris, quite mediæval indeed. Who the good children were that gave the street its name we do not know. They may have lived their lives and been frightfully good centuries ago. The street is lined on both sides with houses whose first floors are shops. The roofs run up steeply, with chimney pots a-top, with swallows darting about the chimney tops and cats prowling velvet-footed after the swallows. All the children of the street who are under six years old have plenty of leisure all day to play upon the narrow sidewalks, but all who are over six have plenty of work to do.

Standing anywhere on the street and looking north, you can see the Bank of France, and looking south you can see a big department store. These two big buildings shut the street in at the ends. At the Bank of France you can deposit your money for safe keeping, or cash a check. At the big department store you can buy almost

anything you want, and a great many things you do not want. For example, you can buy little rubber shoes for your dog — Fido or Fifi or Pom Pom or Patou — not just one pair, of course, but two pairs, to keep his four feet dry on rainy days.

A few years ago you would have seen, along about the middle of the Street of the Good Children, and on the west side, two small shops side by side, with a narrow, covered alley between them as black as the mouth of a pit. One of these was a bread shop, owned by Widow Buron. In the window were three shelves, one above another, and there were displayed all the many kinds of bread sold within. There were loaves as long as your arm, loaves no longer than your hand, round loaves, crescent rolls, rye bread, barley bread, bread with raisins, seeded rolls. If you bought rolls of Widow Buron she would put them into a paper bag for you, but if you bought one of those very long loaves you had to carry it home under your arm, unwrapped.

Early every morning Widow Buron's daughter Lisette delivered bread that was wanted fresh for breakfast about the neighborhood. The bake-room was back of the house and separated from it by a little court. Big Cæsare, the baker, dressed in white from his cap to his shoes, sent in great trays of bread to the shop in the early

morning by his helper, who was as small as Cæsare was big. Lisette was only thirteen, but already for a year or more she had been delivering bread for her mother. In winter time Lisette's poor little nose and fingers were quite red with the cold before she got through, for she started out at five, came back for another basketful, and was never entirely finished before seven. Lisette was never afraid to go about the streets or up into the dark houses to leave a loaf at one door or a few rolls at another. The reason why she was never afraid was that Matou always went with her — Matou, the biggest, blackest cat you ever laid your eyes on. Along the wet or snowy pavements he picked his way with dainty feet, for he was not a cat that could afford to buy two pairs of little cat's rubbers at the big department store. When the bread was all delivered and the basket empty, Matou rode home on Lisette's shoulder, and I assure you no one dared interfere with Lisette when Matou sat there!

Lisette had a twin brother Elie, who was a newsboy, and who started out to get his papers at about the same time that Lisette started out with the bread. He did not sell his papers in the street, however, but carried them to Grandmother Buron's little paper stand, or kiosk, on the corner of one of the boulevards. Grandmother Buron was old, and she looked even older

than she was, for she had worked at her little kiosk, selling papers and magazines, for many years. Every morning at seven, after her cup of coffee and dry roll, she left the home over the bread shop and went to open up her kiosk with a great key tied to a string about her neck. Usually Elie was there awaiting her, with a big bundle of papers carried by a strap over his shoulder. Poor child, he was bent almost double under the weight of it.

Grandmother Buron had a face as brown as a chestnut and as wrinkled as a withered apple, with wisps of white hair hanging about her face, and with eyes as bright as any stars in the sky. In winter weather, when Elie ran home to get his breakfast, he often brought back a hot brick wrapped in pieces of newspaper, on which his grandmother could warm her feet. Then he and Lisette went to school, where they were happy beyond measure. As to Matou, when he had brought Lisette safe home to her breakfast, he usually sat at the mouth of that little narrow black alley, watching the world pass up and down the Street of the Good Children and the swallows flying about the chimney tops. And at night he kept the rats and mice away from the bake-room.

On the other side of that black alley was the cheese shop of Madame Manette. Such a clean,

bright, attractive shop! Madame Manette stood behind the counter in her neat black dress and ruffled white apron and cut and weighed slices of cheese for her customers. Her sixteen-year-old daughter Lili, neat and pretty and also wearing a black dress and spotless apron, wrapped the purchases in oiled paper and made change. Back of the counter, arranged on glass shelves, were cheeses of all kinds — white, yellow, mottled, little rolls of Swiss cheese, huge balls of Dutch cheese, pineapple cheeses, cheeses of all sorts in little wooden boxes. Often a young woman, on her way to work at the big department store at the end of the street, would buy first a little loaf — a " little bread " as the French say — at Widow Buron's next door, and then a bit of cheese from Madame Manette. Lili would obligingly cut the " little bread " in two and spread the cheese between the halves, and presto! a sandwich fit for a king! And all for a few centimes.

Madame Manette also had a son, Pierre, who would soon be fourteen. Pierre was quick and lively, and full of ideas. In the afternoons he was an errand boy at the big department store. He could carry more packages at once than you would believe possible, and when he was carrying away a load of empty pasteboard boxes, he looked as though he was staggering along under

a small Pyramid of Cheops. Also — and this is a great virtue in an errand boy — he could take any amount of scoldings with cheerful serenity. He and Elie Buron were the best of friends. If they had ever had any time for play, they would have played together most happily.

Not far east of the Street of the Good Children is the great Central Market of Paris. Here, some the evening before, some at early dawn, come rumbling the market wagons, bringing the daily food of the city. It is not all under one roof, but under ten roofs, with covered streets running between them, many stalls in each, and under all cellars for storing goods. There are not many kinds of food that cannot be bought in this huge market place — fish and oysters from the Mediterranean Sea, meat and poultry, vegetables and fruits, both from foreign countries and from outlying farms, butter and cheese from Holland and Switzerland, and flowers to delight the eyes of those that love them.

Here each morning before the sun was up, Grandfather and Grandmother Manette arrived in their creaking country wagon, drawn by a fat white horse called Napoleon. Napoleon was bareheaded on most days, but every fourteenth of July, which is France's "Fourth of July,"

he always wore a little cocked hat, with a tiny flag on each side, and holes in the hat through which his ears stuck up bravely. Up on the seat of the wagon sat Grandfather and Grandmother, their cheeks wrinkled but rosy, with a striped red-and-white cotton umbrella over their heads. At the market they arranged their carrots and turnips and potatoes attractively upon the stall, put a bunch of paper bags on a hook, and were ready for customers. For forty years they had been bringing their vegetables to market, and for fifteen years Napoleon had pulled their wagon.

Early in the morning the marketers for the hotels and restaurants and hospitals did their buying. Later came housewives and servants to buy the family dinner, and many little sharp-eyed girls were sent by busy mothers to buy a carrot and an onion or two for the soup pot, or some such tiny purchase. Lisette Buron always came at least once a week to buy a bit of meat for a stew, and occasionally Lili Manette came to select cheeses. And every Saturday morning Pierre went there, just to see his Grandfather and Grandmother, of whom he was very fond. Pierre always ate a turnip off Grandfather's stall, and always laid his cheek against Napoleon's soft nose. And usually a conversation of this sort took place.

GRANDFATHER: Well, and how's the Street of the Good Children?

PIERRE: Never better, Grandfather.

GRANDFATHER (*with a sly wink*): Any good children living there now?

PIERRE: Of a surety there is — there's me!

GRANDMOTHER: Of course there's Pierre! You would not find a finer lad than our Pierre in any street. Not on the boulevards even!

GRANDFATHER: Well! well! But what sort of a man is this wonderful Pierre going to make?

PIERRE (*very gravely*): Grandfather, there's the Bank of France, you know.

GRANDFATHER: To be sure there is!

PIERRE: Right at the end of our street.

GRANDMOTHER: To be sure, and a fine bank it is.

PIERRE: Well, Grandfather . . .

GRANDFATHER: Well?

PIERRE: Well, sir, I look at it every day, and I wish to be the president of that bank!

And when Pierre had said this, Grandfather proudly clapped him on the back and Napoleon reached out his long neck and nibbled at the boy's ear.

Now there is just one more person I want to introduce, and then we will get on with our plot,

if plot it can be called. That person is Uncle Achille, Grandmother Buron's youngest son. Uncle Achille was a gay young bachelor, a happy-go-lucky young man who had never succeeded very well in anything he undertook, and who was always very much surprised at himself for not succeeding. He had been at different times an usher in a theater, a clerk in a shop, a waiter in a café, a guide at a museum, and the driver of a taxi. At the time of this story he was doing something else. He had bought one of those queer boxes of second-hand books that stand in a long line upon the embankment walls along the river. And by the way, is there a more cheerful river anywhere than the Seine River as it runs through Paris? It is crossed by many beautiful bridges, but I rather think that it is not the bridges that give the river its brilliant, sparkling air. It is the river that gives it to the bridges! And there, overlooking the river, was Achille with his box of books. Almost all the other booksellers who owned these boxes were old men and old women, and when one morning Uncle Achille appeared among them, they were all very much astonished. They thought, doubtless, that the selling of second-hand books was, like golf, an "old man's game." Uncle Achille, instead of sitting on a stool beside his box, as the rest did, walked gaily up and down the side-

walk, snapping his fingers, making jokes, and singing snatches of songs, such as

Dame mouse is black
In the gray twilight;
Dame mouse is gray
In the black of night.

At first they feared that all the customers would go to Uncle Achille, but they soon found out that, for all his gay ways, he was no kind of a seller at all.

Both Elie Buron and Pierre Manette were extremely fond of Uncle Achille, and as to Grandmother Buron, sitting in her kiosk on the boulevard selling papers and magazines all day long, well, to her he was the very apple of her eye. She was fond enough of her grandson Elie, that faithful little worker, but when her son Achille came swinging down the boulevard towards her, twisting his cane and pulling at the corners of his gay little moustache, then her keen old eyes became quite foolishly tender.

Always on Sunday afternoons he took his mother for an outing. Sometimes they went to the Garden of the Royal Palace, which was near at hand, and there they paid a few centimes for a couple of chairs under the elm trees and listened to the band play. Sometimes they went to the Tuileries Gardens, where children love

to sail their boats in the big round pond. Or they crossed the river and climbed the hill to the Luxembourg Gardens, or perhaps went for a bus ride, and she was quite content to pay the fare, as he never had any money. Dressed in an old Persian shawl and a little black bonnet with lavender flowers under its brim, she walked or rode beside him as proud as any peacock.

One Monday morning in November a chill gust of wind blew down the Street of the Good Children. It was one of those mysterious winds of dawn, that ruffle the tree tops and set weathercocks a-twirling for a little while, and then die away completely. Sleepy Lisette, rubbing her eyes and yawning, had just put on her blue jacket and gone downstairs in the dark to get her basket of bread and start on her rounds. Cæsare had brought in the hot, freshly baked loaves, and her mother had the basket ready for her. Widow Buron buttoned up the blue jacket and kissed Lisette on both cheeks.

"Be careful, little one," she said with a sigh. She hated to have Lisette start out in the dark.

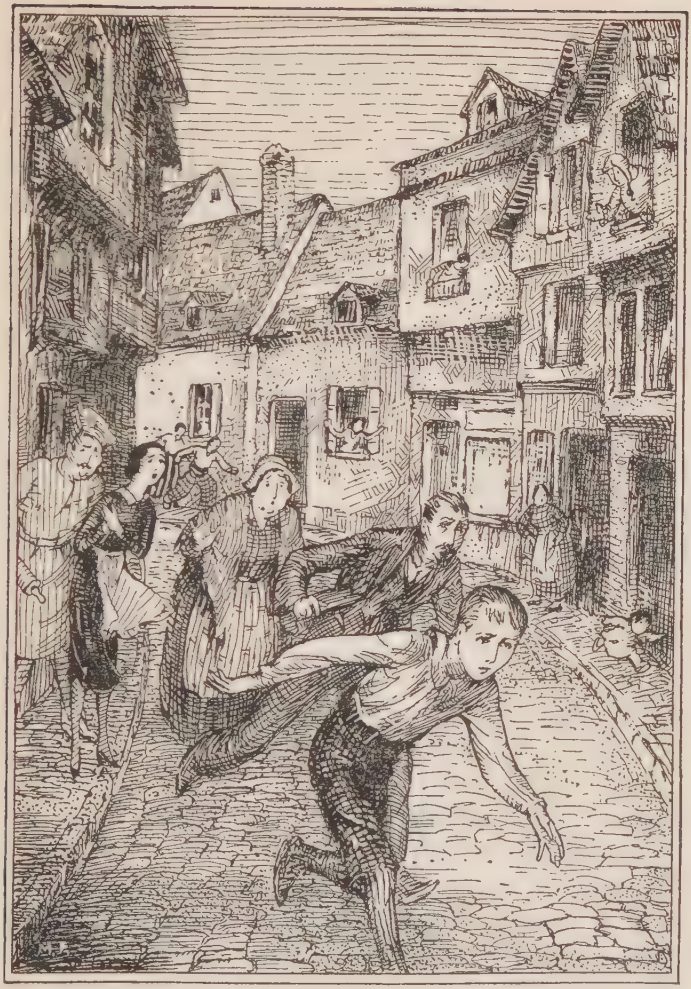
Lisette's yawn came to an end with a snap, and she smiled at her mother, opened the door, and went outside.

"Matou! Matou!" she called, as she stood on the step. Instantly Matou stepped out of his favorite spot at the mouth of the alley, and

leaped up, first to Lisette's arm, and then to her shoulder. And at that moment the wind slammed the door to behind them.

Then what should come sniffing along the dark street but a huge, strange dog. Smelling the warm bread, he came up and put his nose in the basket. Up on Lisette's shoulder Matou lifted his black back into an almost Gothic arch, and spit angrily, his eyes gleaming like red-hot coals. At that the dog gave an angry leap at Matou, and his great claws ripped two strips out of Lisette's jacket. Lisette was more frightened than she had ever been in her whole life before. Had the door been open she would have rushed indoors to safety. But the wind had done its piece of mischief, and the door was heavy and hard to open. With a frightened scream Lisette lifted a long loaf from the basket, beat it across the dog's nose, and slipping sideways, ran down the street as fast as she could go, leaving the basket behind her, while Matou clung desperately to her shoulder with all his claws.

Widow Buron, hearing the scream, rushed to open the door, and saw the overturned basket on the sidewalk, the bread scattered, and a big angry dog snapping now at one loaf, now at another. Up the stairway she screamed for Uncle Achille and Elie, who dressed and came down in the biggest possible hurry. Near-by windows



Near-by windows were lifted to see what all the excitement was about

were lifted to see what all the excitement was about, and in the blink of an eye, here were all the people of the street, some dressed, some half-dressed, chasing pell-mell after Uncle Achille and Elie, while Uncle Achille and Elie chased pell-mell after the dog. Some cried, "Mad dog! Mad dog!" Others cried, "Lisette is lost — stolen — killed!" The report grew worse each moment. The dog, confused and frightened, led a merry chase down the Street of the Good Children, along the Rue St. Honoré, diagonally through the square before the Royal Palace — where kings used to live, and die too — to the Rue de Rivoli, into the Tuileries Gardens, and at last across the river over the Royal Bridge. By this time a few milk peddlers and a policeman or two had joined the crowd, but at the bridge they all stopped and looked at each other.

"Hold!" cried Uncle Achille. "What do we want of the dog? Nothing, indeed. We want Lisette."

"We want Lisette! We want Lisette!" cried the crowd, and began to laugh without knowing exactly why.

"You laugh?" cried Uncle Achille angrily. "But the little one has perhaps been bitten by the dog!"

This was a different matter. Everybody ceased laughing and looked grave.

" If she is bitten," said a policeman, " she must be taken without delay to the Pasteur Institute."

" But where is she? " cried Uncle Achille.

" Uncle Achille," said Elie, " if she was frightened and ran away, let us go along her bread route. Wouldn't she be apt to go that way? "

" Excellent idea! I was just about to think it. Can you lead the way? " asked Uncle Achille.

" Yes, sir," said Elie.

By this time it was daylight. The crowd, having lost interest, began to scatter, while Uncle Achille and Elie and Pierre and Lili Manette retraced their steps to the Street of the Good Children. Here Lili hurried into the cheese shop, to find many customers waiting their turn and her mother fretting because Lili was not there.

" You have chosen a busy morning to take a walk," said her mother.

" I assure you, Mother," said Lili, still a little breathless and panting, " when I found the whole street in an uproar over little Lisette Buron being chased by a mad dog, I had no choice but to help."

And at this not only Madame Manette, but all the customers, laughed at the idea of pretty, slender, timid Lili, in her ruffled apron, being

of any help whatever in chasing a mad dog — or even one that wasn't mad.

Meanwhile Widow Buron was wiping the tears from her eyes and scolding Uncle Achille for not having found Lisette.

"A fine uncle, you!" she said. "Who knows but the little one has been quite eaten up by the wicked dog."

"Oh, Mother!" said Elie. "Dogs only eat bones."

"What is Lisette but bones, the poor child," said Widow Buron. She then sent Elie off post-haste to take the morning papers to Grandmother, who had already gone to her kiosk. "I myself," she said firmly, "will find my child," and off she marched, with Uncle Achille and Pierre trailing behind her, along Lisette's bread route. Cæsare, who had left the bake-room and come down the alley to look out and see how things were going, saw them start.

"Ha!" he said to himself. "When they find the little one it will be an occasion for a feast." And he hurried back and stirred up a huge cake, full of raisins. Cæsare himself, the good man, was extremely fond of cake.

Widow Buron and Uncle Achille and Pierre reached the market without having found any trace of Lisette, not even in the restaurant opposite the market, where she always left the last

loaves. Just across from this restaurant stood Napoleon and his wagon, with Grandfather and Grandmother Manette unpacking their vegetables.

"Hey!" cried Grandfather, seeing their anxious faces as they crossed the street towards him. "What's wrong?"

They told the story. Grandfather pondered a while and then said, "Well, if you can't find the dog nor the little girl, perhaps you'd better search for the cat."

"Ohé!" shouted Uncle Achille. "We forgot all about the cat!"

Pierre now began to jump up and down, filled with a new idea. "Grandfather," he said, "will you let us take Napoleon and the wagon? We could then get about much faster, and could inquire everywhere about a little girl *and* a black cat. We will surely find her then!"

"But," reminded Grandfather, "market wagons are not allowed about the streets at this hour."

What should they do? Uncle Achille knew. He went at once and got a market policeman, and told him the story and what they wished to do. At first the policeman would not hear of it at all. Market wagons could not be allowed to disturb the traffic on busy streets. *Sapristi,* no!

"But," said Achille, "the little girl has doubt-

less been bitten by the dog, and the dog is doubtless mad."

"Ah!" said the policeman. "Then she must be taken to the Pasteur Institute without delay. I will go with you."

And so the policeman and Widow Buron and Uncle Achille and Pierre got into the wagon, whipped up the unwilling Napoleon, and away they went to search all of Paris that would be in walking, or in running, distance for a thirteen-year-old girl. Of course you will guess that it was very slow work, as every policeman at a street crossing wanted to know what a fellow policeman was doing in a market wagon, and hear the whole story. But on it went, surely if slowly, with automobiles frantically dodging about it and everybody as interested as though a circus was going by. Strangely enough, nobody who was asked seemed to have seen a small girl with a black cat on her shoulder that morning. They had seen black cats, which were plentiful, and they had seen little girls, who were even more plentiful, but the combination no one had seen.

At last the policeman in the wagon, seeing no end to his job, and wishing to hurry things up, asked whether there was any place to which the lost child was particularly fond of going.

"Why, of a surety there is!" cried Uncle

Achille. "Fool that I am not to have thought of it before! She would rather go to my bookshop on the Quai Voltaire than anywhere else. She loves the very *smell* of books."

"Let us go there and be done with it," said the policeman.

And there, sure enough, she was. When the wagon drove up she was sitting on the stone coping beside the box of books, and gathered closely about her was an interested crowd. She was telling a lively tale, eating the piece of loaf that had been left in her hand when she had broken it across the dog's nose, and having a most delightful time. It seems that when she had first started to run from the dog, she had decided to run to Grandmother's kiosk, but in the darkness and confusion she could not find the way. But somehow, she had gotten across the river, and then she had decided quickly that the safest place would be up on the wall beside Uncle Achille's books. And now here she sat, and as she told her story, the dog grew bigger and bigger and madder and madder in the telling. Wouldn't we do the same? Indeed we would! The crowd was much pleased, and on her shoulder, proof positive that her tale was true — there sat Matou.

And now, for the first time in his life, Uncle Achille saw an opportunity and made the most of it. Jumping down from the wagon, he drew

a key from his pocket, unlocked his box of books, threw open the lid, and with much gay laughter and persuasion, began to sell his books to the crowd. And he sold every one, from an old cook-book that had six pages missing out of the salads to a paper-covered copy of the story " Tartarin of Tarascon," which is so amusing from one end to the other, and in which the last picture, that of the camel chasing the train in which Tartarin is riding home, would make the Egyptian Sphinx herself laugh. In ten minutes the box was empty. Even the policeman had bought one. And the " uncle of the brave little girl who had kept a mad dog from biting her " had his pockets jingling with francs and centimes.

Then, as Uncle Achille helped Lisette into the wagon, he noticed for the first time how thin she was; how big her eyes looked in her pale face; how sharp her little pointed chin. And as he climbed in himself, and sat up on the seat beside the policeman, new thoughts rushed into his head. She was a weak little creature indeed, he thought, to set out in the dark and the cold with a heavy basket. That's a man's job. Look at her poor shoes, out at the toes, and look at her thin little blue coat, torn by that horrible dog. Uncle Achille's heart began to grow warm, and his mind filled with good intentions. He was like an irresponsible mediæval page who had sud-

denly become a knight, and was desirous of rescuing a lady in distress. Or, better still, he was like Dick Swiveller in "The Old Curiosity Shop" when his heart was softened by the needs of a forlorn little kitchen-maid.

All the while they were driving back to the Street of the Good Children Uncle Achille was silent. Not a song, not a whistle, not a snap of the fingers. At the south end of the street he and Lisette and Widow Buron got out, leaving Pierre and the policeman to take the wagon back to the market. As they looked up at the big department store, suddenly Uncle Achille said, "Here we are!" and drew the other two into its big front door. And then the miracle took place.

If you were never a thirteen-year-old girl who never in all her life had all her clothes new from top to toe, then you will not be entirely able to understand how Lisette felt when the miracle happened. There they were inside the wonderful store, and there stood Uncle Achille with a quite new heart in his bosom and money jingling in his pocket. You need only put two and two together to know what happened. Snapping his fingers gaily and humming the little song about Madame Mouse, he led them from one department to another, buying something for Lisette in every one, and having her put it on at once, until at last she stood before a long mirror, look-

ing at her own image clothed in new hat, coat, dress, shoes and stockings! Nothing fine, you understand, but neat and pretty nevertheless. Looking at herself in the mirror, Lisette was actually frightened, and hid her face in the crook of her elbow, and cried a little. And when Matou, carried by Widow Buron, did not know Lisette in all her new finery and would not climb to her shoulder, she cried even harder, and was all for taking the new clothes off again. However, she got safely home with them on, and everybody along the street looked out of doors and windows to see her come. Once indoors, Uncle Achille went to the counter of the shop, and taking a five-franc piece from his pocket, prepared to spin it. Perhaps you are surprised that Uncle Achille got so much money for his box of old books, but I assure you there are many good volumes bought from those boxes along the river. Many a student from the University up on the hill near the Luxembourg Gardens has to part from books he cherishes because he cannot eat a fine leather binding and must have bread and butter. But this was Uncle Achille's last cent. His pockets were now empty.

"Lisette," he said, "heads you win."

Lisette stood speechless, watching him.

"And," he went on, "tails I win."

"But who then loses?" asked Widow Buron.

"Madame," said Uncle Achille, "in this affair there is no loss whatever. All is gain." He spun the coin. Three pairs of eyes watched it spin, wobble uncertainly, and fall.

"Tails it is!" cried Uncle Achille. "The gain is mine. This is my sole capital. To-morrow I invest it in Lisette's name, and thus the gain is hers also. To-morrow I become a waiter at the Café Bleu. The Café Bleu can no longer do business without me. I shall be a waiter with a difference. All attention and all diligence. Lisette, you are no longer my niece."

"Oh, Uncle Achille!" cried Lisette sorrowfully.

"You are now my child. I shall work for you and buy your little jackets and things. My child, you are not going to deliver bread any more."

"Oh, Uncle Achille!" said Lisette joyfully.

And then Matou leaped up on to Lisette's shoulder, new dress or no new dress, and sat there as black as his own shadow, his two eyes glowing like hot coals.

"Oh, Matou!" whispered Lisette happily, and laid her cheek against his velvet fur.

Well, you ask dubiously, did Uncle Achille make good? The answer is "Yes." Of course you understand that we all have our ups and downs. But oh, you should see Grandmother Buron's added delight in her wonderful son!

V

THAT BOY!

"WHERE is that boy?" growled old Tommaso Marchi, laying down the hand lens through which he had been examining the mosaic work he was doing. His little shop on the Via Sistina was a small one, wedged in behind a large building and approached by a narrow alley. The window where he worked looked out upon a court in which a tiny fountain played and a thick lilac bush bloomed in one corner. All around the court ran an arcade, and usually when Old Tommaso could not find "that boy" at his elbow, he would see him chasing along the arcade with his dog Bimbo, or sitting on the edge of the fountain teasing the goldfish, or otherwise wasting his time when he ought to be at work.

"Where is that boy!" growled the old man again. And then he bent his head over his work and forgot the boy completely. For fifty years his capable hands had been making mosaics; sometimes even making, in his small laboratory opening from his shop, his own glass, coloring it to suit his need or fancy, and fitting the tiny cubes into charming pictures and borders. Old

Tommaso thought very little of the cheap mosaics turned out by the hundreds in the big factories to sell to travelers and tourists. He made his only to order, and many handsome automobiles drove up to that alley entrance, whose owners wished to order a fine bit of mosaic work for a wedding or birthday gift, or for the adornment of house or table.

This morning Tommaso had just finished the making of a shallow tray. In the bottom of the tray was a bed of cement, and in this while it was still soft he had carefully placed, using pincers for the purpose, the little cubes of colored glass that were to make the picture. Before him stood the picture he had copied, a picture of Apollo in his chariot, driving the horses of the sun, with the graceful Hours grouped about him, and Aurora scattering flowers in his path. The cubes of glass were all in place, their surfaces level, their edges so close that no least crack had been left anywhere. And now the cement had become hard, holding the cubes firmly in place, and he had smoothed and polished the picture. His last polishing he was now doing with his finger tips, and such sensitive finger tips were they that he would have been aware at once of the slightest unevenness. The background he had made of gold cubes, and in all other respects he had imitated the coloring of the picture before him as

closely as possible. The picture itself was a copy of a painting hanging in a palace not far away, and he had gone more than once to look at the real picture during the making of his mosaic.

Such a piece of work may seem difficult to the reader of this story, but Tommaso had done something still more difficult. He had made up bundles of long rods of colored glass in such a way that the ends made pictures, heated them hot, which melted them together, and pulled the hot mass out into a long slender rod. Then, by cutting a slice off the rod he had a mosaic so small as almost to require a reading glass to see it clearly. These little mosaics he set into rings or brooches. He had made one just recently of a little Cupid, with bow and arrows, swinging in a rope of roses. Of course from that long bundle of glass threads he could cut many sections, and so have many tiny pictures of his little Cupid.

And now once more, having assured himself with his finger tips that the picture in the tray had a smooth and flawless surface, he looked up, and for the third time growled, "Where is that boy!"

This time a voice at his elbow said gaily, "Here, Master!" and there stood Toni, breathing hard as though he had been running fast, and Bimbo with his red tongue hanging out.

"Where have you been?" asked Tommaso.

"Nowhere, Master," said Toni, smiling sweetly.

"What have you been doing, rascal?"

"Nothing whatever, dear Master!"

"Would that you did your work as cheerfully as you do nothing," said Tommaso. And then he gave the boy a note, with very careful instructions as to where he was to leave it, and told him to return at once to the shop, without any loitering on the way, else he would forfeit his dinner.

Tommaso knew that Toni would do anything rather than forfeit the good, hot dinner he had every noon at the shop, brought in from a near-by restaurant. For Toni's mother was very poor and his father no longer living. Their home was in a tall tenement house near the river, and there, during his first ten years, Toni had had to play nurse to his four younger brothers and sisters while his mother went out to work. She was a washerwoman, and every day went to one of the public washing troughs scattered here and there throughout the city. The people of Rome have always had plenty of water, and it is said that even if you are out of sight of a fountain, you are never out of hearing of the cool splashing of one. At the washing trough eight or ten women can wash at once, beating the clothes with wooden paddles, old and young alike chattering and singing as they work. Sometimes Toni car-

ried the heavy basket of clothes to the trough for his mother, and he thought to himself that he would much rather beat and scrub and rinse, laughing and chattering with the rest, than stay at home and keep the four little ones from tumbling down the steep and dirty tenement stairs or getting lost in the narrow, winding streets. Even the baby, the *bambino,* was quick at running off on his short but sturdy legs. Toni was glad enough when their neighbor the barber got him his job with Tommaso. Yet oddly enough, bright and quick though he was, he had never become interested in Tommaso's mosaic work. He liked to leap about and jump and climb and use his strong, splendid muscles. But to potter with little bits of glass and marble — *ahi!* there was nothing to that!

Now it so happened that at about the same time that old Tommaso, bent over his work in his shop on the Via Sistina, was wondering impatiently why Toni had not returned from his errand, a well-dressed woman in a fine auto, sitting behind a solemn chauffeur, became very restless indeed, and finally said fretfully to the chauffeur, " Giuseppe, where is that boy? What can have become of him? He has been gone fully a half hour, and he promised to be only ten minutes. You'd best run down the stairs and find him."

She had started out that morning, it seems, to show the sights of the city to her nephew, Stefano, come to Rome for the first time on a visit. Stefano had not wanted to go riding at all. His home was in Venice, that city on the sea, where all the streets are canals, and where instead of walking on sidewalks one rides in a gondola — a slow business at best. Stefano wanted to use his feet this lovely spring morning, here where there were miles and miles of sidewalks. And so he had persuaded Aunt Cecilia to let him get out of the automobile and run down a great stairway that curved about a big church on both sides, joined together in front of it, and ran like a cascade down to a piazza below. At the foot of the stairway there was a foam of lovely flowers, where flower sellers had spread out their wares, and beyond that a fountain in its marble brim. And so the chauffeur had stopped the car, and Stefano had jumped out and gone down the stairway in a flash.

Every one who goes to visit Rome goes to see the Spanish Stairs, as the great flight, reaching from a higher to a lower street, is called. As to the church, "halfway up the stairs it stands," like the clock in Longfellow's poem that says *"Never! . . . Forever!"* At the lowest level is the flower market, with its baskets of flowers of all kinds and colors, and graceful little growing

shrubs and trees in tubs or pots. The market women wear shawls quite as colorful as the flowers, and the men have silver earrings in their ears and red or blue handkerchiefs about their necks. Among them little boys with picture post cards run about, trying to make sales; and there are always some saucy little chaps, who, having nothing to sell, joyfully stand on their heads before tourists, thinking this sight to be quite worth a penny. And, because of the twinkling smiles and the wiggling bare toes, perhaps it is!

Stefano did not pause to look at the church. He knew that Aunt Cecilia was going to show him plenty of churches before the day was over. He simply ran down the Spanish Stairs so fast that at length he could not stop if he wanted to, and he would probably have tumbled headlong into the fountain in the piazza had he not run full tilt into another boy, which knocked them both over. The other boy was Toni.

"I say!" cried Toni, jumping up smilingly. "What are you doing, anyway?"

Stefano got up and brushed off his clothes. They had both been thrown against the brim of the fountain. "Well, you saved me from a bath," he said, "and I owe you thanks for that." Taking a penny from his pocket he tossed it at Toni and Toni caught it deftly. Then they smiled at each other.

The flower sellers and the post-card sellers and the boys who stood on their heads for a penny all gathered about, expecting a fight. They would have enjoyed seeing a good fight, as business was dull at the moment. And the fight would have been a fair one, as the two boys were just of a size.

"They are as alike as two chestnuts," said old Granny Brigida, who had sold flowers at the Spanish Stairs for a round half-century, and whose face was as brown as a chestnut itself.

"As like as twins," said her little granddaughter Vanna, setting down an armful of lilac branches in full bloom to look at the two boys.

"As like as twins," echoed Nello, the seller of little lemon and orange trees, and he gave an ear of each boy a tweak.

"As like as twins!" echoed everybody. And then, as it seemed there was to be no fight, they all gradually went back to their own business.

But Stefano and Toni stared at each other. Stefano felt as though he were looking into a mirror when he looked at Toni. Toni had never looked into a mirror, but he had seen a dim reflection of himself in the glass of a shop window occasionally, and Stefano's face did not look unfamiliar to him. As they stood staring, a great idea came to Stefano. He drew Toni around to

Stefano and Toni stared at each other

the other side of the fountain to tell him about it. And the great idea was this, that since they looked so much alike, it would be the best fun in the world to change clothes and be each other for a whole day. Stefano had read a book in which two boys had done that, and they had had some great adventures.

"*Ahi,* no!" said Toni. "I might not like the things you do."

"Yes, you would," said Stefano. "I'm riding around Rome in an automobile all day to-day. Riding, you understand. Leaning back on soft cushions, seeing shops and fine buildings, and maybe a squad of soldiers go by, or buglers playing, and having a fine lunch somewhere —"

Toni began to get interested. "Will you have *gelati?*" he asked. *Gelati* is what the Italian people call ice cream.

"*Gelati,* of course," said Stefano; "white or pink or maybe both."

"It's a go!" said Toni quickly. He had never been in an auto at all, and had seen only a very little of the city he lived in. As to *gelati,* well, he had seen other children eating it. Without another word they hid behind a row of little lemon trees in green tubs and exchanged their suits, caps, shoes and stockings. When they stood up again, they were more alike than ever. Then Toni told Stefano how to find Tommaso

Marchi's shop, straight down the Via Sistina, and gave him a note to be given to the old mosaic maker. And Stefano told Toni how he would find Aunt Cecilia in a plum-colored auto just back of the church on the stairs.

"But," said Stefano, looking sharply at Toni, "you'll have to wash behind your ears before Aunt Cecilia sees you. She's very particular about that. She washed behind my ears this morning." And as Toni prepared to make a thorough job of it by plunging his whole head into the fountain, Giuseppe the chauffeur laid a firm hand on Toni's arm and said, "You're to come to your aunt at once, sir, and no more nonsense."

The two boys winked at each other behind the chauffeur's plum-color uniform, and each went — no, not his own way, but the other's!

Let us first follow Toni. When he and Giuseppe reached the waiting auto, Aunt Cecilia was looking out from it with a very angry face. But Toni, swinging off his cap, saluted her in cheerful and care-free fashion.

"It has been hours and hours —" began Aunt Cecilia sharply, but Toni interrupted her with a laugh.

"Well then, Aunt, we must hurry along," he said. "There are so many things in Rome I want to see."

Aunt Cecilia could hardly believe her ears. "But you said this morning —"

Toni interrupted her again. "But that was this morning," he said, and stretching himself back luxuriously on the softly cushioned seat, he smiled sweetly at Aunt Cecilia.

Aunt Cecilia was pleased to think that her nephew had changed his mind about driving around Rome. She told Giuseppe to go first down the Corso, a broad avenue running south to the Forum. And presently Toni ceased to lean back comfortably in the seat, but sat bolt upright, looking at the fine shops and famous palaces along that famous avenue. Toni had to cross the Corso every day going from his home to the shop, and again going from the shop back to his home. On those two daily occasions he crossed it on foot, and usually barefoot at that. And now he sat in lordly fashion in a fine auto, with Stefano's neatly polished shoes on his feet! He had to be careful not to point out places he knew, for of course if he was Stefano he had never seen them.

Aunt Cecilia began to tell him about the wonderful Carnival that swept up and down the Corso once a year — people in fancy costumes laughing and jostling in the street, and people in the balconies of the houses throwing down *confetti,* tiny scraps of bright-colored paper, poured

out like a rainbow that has been splintered into a million pieces, and flowers, and candy. And she told him that centuries ago on Carnival day riderless horses were made to race down the Corso. And she told it so well that Toni seemed to hear the heavy clattering hooves beating on the stone pavements, and the screams of people hurrying to get away before the horses were upon them in that mad race.

Also Aunt Cecilia told him wonderful tales of the men who had built those great palaces that lined the Corso, and every time she stopped for breath Toni would say, "Tell me more, Aunt Cecilia!" And Aunt Cecilia thought to herself, "What has come over the boy? This morning he wasn't interested in a single thing."

At the foot of the Corso they saw the great monument put up in memory of the king's grandfather, he who first joined all the parts of Italy into one united kingdom. At the foot of the monument, which is really a great building with corridors behind white pillars, Toni saw the tomb of Italy's "unknown soldier." Now he was in a part of Rome that he had never seen. Soon they stopped to look at the Forum, an empty space containing here and there a group of ancient marble pillars still held together by a fragment of marble cornice, here and there a cracked and battered pavement of marble or stone. Aunt

Cecilia told him the story of the Forum: how at first it was a mere market place for the long-ago people; how later, lined with splendid temples, it became a place where impassioned speeches were made by the men whose very names are the history of Rome; how in the Middle Ages it went to ruin, the marble temples being pulled down and carried off to make those very palaces they had just seen on the Corso, until the once stately Forum became nothing more than a cow pasture; and how now it was being carefully preserved as the very center and heart of Rome.

Then they went on to the Colosseum, that great ruin that was once a mighty circus for the people. Toni looked, shivering with excitement, at the huge enclosed space where gladiators fought together, or men with wild beasts, while in rising rows upon rows of seats sat the people of Rome — Emperor, statesmen, generals, soldiers, women and children, slaves — all being amused by these cruel sports. By this time Toni's eyes were round and big and his heart beating. Never before had he dreamed that his city had had a long and wonderful history, or that it was a place to be proud of, or that it was called the Eternal City because of its long glory. Had he gone to school every day he would have learned these things, but he had gone to school very few days indeed of his life. At first his

help at home, and then the money he earned at Tommaso's shop, had been so badly needed by his mother, that she saw to it that when the truant officer came around looking for children that should be in school, Toni was nowhere in sight.

At last noon came, and they went to a white-and-gold restaurant that Toni thought must surely be a part of the king's palace. Here, while they sat eating a most delicious dinner, topped off with *gelati,* Toni, comfortably full of good things to eat, fell into a state of dreaming. Perhaps he could be a great man! And make speeches in the Forum like that Cicero that Aunt Cecilia told about! Or fight and win battles like that Julius Cæsar! Or make a united kingdom, like that grandfather of the king! Or even — Tony grew very grave — be an unknown soldier with flowers and tears dropped daily upon his tomb! Toni's heart swelled with these many new thoughts. They were like growing pains in his heart and brain. And presently he asked Aunt Cecilia a question.

"How do men get to be great?"

"By doing their duty, first of all," said Aunt Cecilia.

"But if you had some little piece of work to do every day, like making mosaics in a dark shop, and nothing else, could you get to be like that Cicero man?" asked Toni.

"That would depend on how well you made the mosaics, first of all," she answered.

And then Aunt Cecilia looked sharply at Toni, and the more she looked the more suspicious she became. She saw that his hands were not slender and white, but broad and muscular, and not any too clean, and his finger nails broken. She saw that his curly hair had evidently not been cut by a barber, but had evidently been rather roughly snipped off by an inexperienced hand. And when he finished his *gelati* — oh, horrors! — he did not wipe his mouth with his napkin, but upon his sleeve! And at that she jumped up and took him by the shoulders, and shook him.

"You are not Stefano at all!" she cried. "You are dirty behind the ears! I don't know who you are, but I'm going to take you straight home with me and put you in the bathtub!" Which was just like Aunt Cecilia, who always did the first duty that came along and did it as promptly as possible. Toni rode meekly beside her in the car back to that bathtub, wondering if she could have made a Cicero if she had been a man in the days when great speeches were made in the Forum.

Meanwhile Stefano, in Toni's shabby clothes and shabbier shoes and cap, went east along the Via Sistina with Bimbo snuffing at his heels. Bimbo could not understand what had happened.

Those were certainly the clothes that his little black nose sniffed at and his four short legs followed every day of his life. But something was different. He felt uneasy. Always before Toni had gone whistling along the street, with his cap on the back of his head. This time there was no whistling, and the cap was pulled down over its wearer's eyes, and its wearer did not seem at all sure of where he was going. Actually Bimbo had to show him the entrance to the alley they must take to reach the shop.

When they entered the shop, Tommaso was in the laboratory. He was going to make a bracelet for a young bride, and he was looking over his stock of glass, neatly arranged by colors in the drawers of a tall case. When Stefano entered, Tommaso looked at him over his spectacles.

"Another ten minutes' delay and you would have missed your dinner," he said.

Stefano said nothing. He fumbled about in the unaccustomed pockets of Toni's coat, found the note, and handed it to Tommaso.

"Well?" asked Tommaso, still peering over his spectacles.

"Sir?" said Stefano, wondering what he ought to say.

"Why don't you make your usual excuses for your delay?" asked the old man.

Stefano, not knowing what to reply, looked

around the room. He had never seen a room like it before. He pointed to a queer black stove and asked what it was.

"You've seen me melt glass in there a thousand times," said Tommaso impatiently.

"And what are those little clay pots?" went on Stefano, his interest making him entirely forget that he was supposed to be Toni.

"Are you losing your senses?" cried Tommaso. "You broke one of those only last week. I shall take the price of it out of your week's wages."

"Let's see you melt some glass," said Stefano. "And what's the pair of bellows for? Oh, and all those little glass blocks — what do you do with 'em?" And then he caught sight of the newly made mosaic tray lying on a table and he hung over it entranced.

The old man was as puzzled as Bimbo for a few minutes. He knew that a boy could have a change of heart, but he did not think that it could occur in the flash of an eye. Stefano ran his fingers softly over the picture of Apollo and Aurora, and Tommaso saw that they were not blunt and muscular fingers, but long and shapely and sensitive. The boy could feel through his fingers as Toni never could have done. Tommaso took off his spectacles, wiped them, put them on, and took a good look at the boy through

them. A change of heart cannot change one's fingers, not in a lifetime!

"Boy," he began, and was about to ask Stefano who he was, but Stefano did not give him a chance.

"Did you make this?" asked the boy. "I never saw a better one in Venice. How do you color your little pieces of glass?" And all this in one breath. And Tommaso, only too delighted to have an interested visitor, nodded to himself knowingly, and then showed Stefano everything in the laboratory and in the shop. He explained how he made the beautiful colored glass. Usually he bought good clear glass, melted it in his furnace, and added the coloring matter to suit his own taste. Sometimes, however, he sent to Venice for his colored glass, for the Venetians are famous glass-makers. And now it was Stefano's turn to tell Tommaso about the glassworks on the Island of Murano, near Venice, for he had been there and Tommaso had not. He had always been too busy to leave his shop. They talked about the fine mosaics on the wall of the cathedral at Venice, with the wonderful gold background, and the figures clothed in brilliant reds and blues, as bright now as when they had been put there centuries before.

At noon Stefano went to a little near-by restaurant and brought back their simple dinner,

macaroni and cheese, beans with olive oil, and two hot, crusty rolls. As they sat there eating, and still talking of glass and the part it has played in the world, from ancient days to the present time, both as something useful and as something beautiful — the vases and dishes, the necklaces, the clear glass windows of homes, the stained-glass windows of churches, the mosaics on walls and floors, the lenses of telescopes and microscopes, the crystals of watches — suddenly Bimbo became very much excited, and rushed barking to the door. The door was pushed open from without, and there was Toni, bringing in Aunt Cecilia.

"Enter, Aunt Cecilia!" said Toni, with a fine flourish and a beaming smile. And as Aunt Cecilia sailed into the little dark room like a big ship with all sails set, Toni said to Stefano, "She found me out when she looked behind my ears. How did *you* get found out?"

"I haven't been found out yet," said Stefano. But old Tommaso winked a knowing eye at Aunt Cecilia over his spectacles.

Then the boys told the whole story, while Aunt Cecilia and old Tommaso listened without saying a word. But when the boys had finished their story both their elders were ready to say something, but, as you guess, Aunt Cecilia briskly got in ahead.

"That boy of yours, Mr. Marchi, must go to school every morning," she said, "and I am going to see that he does it. I shall go and see his mother about it. As to that boy of mine, if he were half as polite and attentive to his aunt as Toni has been, he would be doing well."

"That boy of yours, Madam," said Tommaso, "is a very intelligent boy indeed. I recommend an art course for him, and designing in particular. Travel, too, he should have, to see the world's works of art. As to that boy of mine, if he were one tenth part as interested in the marvels of glasswork as your boy is, he would soon make his fortune."

Then Aunt Cecilia and Tommaso shook hands, and the ship with all sails set started off, Stefano following, with Bimbo jumping from one boy to the other as uncertainly as the famous donkey that couldn't choose between two bundles of hay. At the door Aunt Cecilia turned for a last word.

"Toni," she said, "I shall see your mother tomorrow."

Toni burst into merry laughter, seeing a vision of Aunt Cecilia taking his four little sisters and brothers home with her and putting them all at once into that big shining tub of hers. His own mother had a mind of her own, and when she stood with her arms akimbo, it wasn't easy to

get around her. But if anybody could do it, it would be Aunt Cecilia.

"There is nothing to laugh about —" began Aunt Cecilia, but Toni interrupted her by suddenly putting his arms about her neck and giving her a loud kiss. Then he opened the door with a flourish. But as Stefano went out behind his aunt, Toni held him by the sleeve long enough to say, "*Ahi!* That Aunt Cecilia of yours! What a Julius Cæsar she would have made!"

VI

TONIA

Tonia Balbi was by all odds the naughtiest girl in or around Florence, that flower of cities that is the pride of Italy. At school she never paid attention to her lessons, she teased the children near her, and made endless trouble for her teacher. When her mother sent her to market she forgot what she was sent to buy, or lost the basket she was to bring it home in.

"Wife," said Gian Balbi, Tonia's father, to Angiolina, Tonia's mother, "where did we get that child? She is not of my family; indeed, no!"

"Husband," said Angiolina, "she is certainly not of my family; do not think it!"

This they said to each other after Tonia had done some particularly naughty deed, such as when she drew pictures in chalk on the stone floor of the Duomo on a Sunday. Good pictures they were; you knew at once what they were meant to be — but in the Duomo! Or when she watered her Sunday hat — her only hat, at that! — with the sprinkling can every day for two weeks to see whether or not the little bunch of

wheat which trimmed it were real, and found to her delight that it was real.

And there was that other time when she cut up the only blanket that covered herself and her big sister Annina and her little sister Lucia, all of whom slept on one mattress spread upon the floor, to wrap about some gypsy bambinos who had exactly nothing to wear. Father and mother had an iron bedstead; Mario slept in the attic, on what I cannot say, because I did not climb the steep ladder to look. But Grandmother — little withered, bent, brown-faced, white-haired grandmother, that could be blown away as lightly as a feather — Grandmother had a whole big wooden bed to herself; walnut wood, if you please, with a carved knob on each of its four tall posts. There she slept like a queen, making so small a mound under the patchwork counterpane that you had to look twice to be sure she was there. Grandmother was over a hundred years old, and there were rumors — you mustn't tell this — that she just would not die because she could not take her big bed to heaven with her.

There is a road that leaves Florence at its northeastern corner, running along beside the Mugnone River uphill towards its source for some distance, presently shifting to the right to climb the hill to Fiesole, the little hilltop city

that looks down upon Florence from four uptilted miles away. Along the road are many beautiful villas where rich folk dwell, and back of these, on both sides of the road, are farms. On one of these farms Gian Balbi and his wife and four children, and particularly Grandmother, lived. Most of Gian's farm was planted with vegetables, but he had one large field of wheat, not good wheat suitable for flour or macaroni, but a poorer wheat, whose stalks were used for straw to be made into hats. As soon as this wheat was about half ripe it was pulled up, roots and all, and spread out to dry. Then it was cut into even lengths and tied up into bundles of convenient size. When the straw was all ready, Grandmother, Angiolina, Annina, and twelve-year-old Tonia, when she could be found, sat either on the house porch or under a great shady walnut tree, with bowls of water at hand to moisten the straw if it was too dry and brittle, and braided the straw into braid suitable for making into hats. In the summer season, if you walk about the roads that run whitely through the ripe meadows about Florence, you will see groups of women and girls at every doorway busy with this work. Chattering you hear, and laughter, and snatches of song. And when you pass Gian Balbi's place and see the group under the walnut tree, you can hear shrill above the other voices

that of Tonia — that is, if Tonia can be found.

For Tonia was a gypsy-like little creature, and not unlike the flea of the proverb; you put your finger on her — and she wasn't there! Tonia loved beautiful things, and of these there were plenty to see in Florence since the days, some half-dozen centuries ago, when the awakening to a love of beauty and of learning had swept over Italy as the white foam of blossoms sweeps over a cherry orchard in the springtime. In those far-off days the roads of Italy were filled with sculptors and painters and jewelers and architects going from city to city, here building a chapel or a campanile, there carving out statues to adorn a portico or a garden, and yonder painting the walls of a church or of a town hall, all out of a tremendous, urgent desire to make with their hands the beauty they felt within them. Mario, who would soon be fourteen, also loved these things, but Mario was quiet and thoughtful. However much he desired to draw, he would not have drawn pictures on the floor of the Duomo! Mario had balance. There was no balance-wheel in Tonia's little bosom.

One day when spring was being altogether lovely, according to custom, in the meadows about Florence, Tonia ran away and climbed the steep hill to Fiesole, having heard the teacher at school tell of the ruins of an ancient Roman

theater there. She had gone hatless — we know she had but one and had ruined that — and barefooted, with a lilting song upon her lips and her big eyes wide open, with that swift, bright flash in them that told you she saw everything there was to see. She heard the faint music in the tops of the stone pines that shut off the villas from the too warm sun, and saw the hyacinths like delicate flames at their roots. She likened the dark cypresses that stood like sentinels about the cemetery — where sentinels are least needed — to great forefingers, and was half fearful lest one should point at her. And she forbore to gather the daffodils that blinked happily in the sun, contenting herself with kissing as many of them as she conveniently could. Nobody could kiss a million — two millions! And wherever orchard boughs fell like cascades over gray stone walls she leaped up at them and caught their fragrance.

She took the old road to Fiesole, which is also the steepest, and climbed the many steps to the monastery. This was forbidden ground, but the door of the little church being open, she slipped in unseen. The place was empty; silence was having its quiet way there. A bowl of hyacinths stood upon a stone bench, and these she rearranged happily to suit her own taste. Then she slipped quietly out again, and no one had so

She took the old road to Fiesole

much as caught a glimpse of her as she came or went. Down the many steps again she went, and across to the town, and there, after some searching, found the ancient theater, behind the cathedral. Almost complete it lay there, after so many centuries, with to-day's warm sun glowing down upon it. Tonia's bright red calico dress made a vivid spot of color against the old gray stones, and caught the eye of two tourists, a man and his wife, who stood looking down from the top of a flight of steps. They beckoned to her. Tonia drew a little nearer, but not too near. Who knows what these strangers, these *forestieri,* or people of the back woods, would take it into their foolish heads to do? Tonia had seen many tourists in her short life, and some of them did very queer things.

The man spoke a little Italian, and he asked Tonia what she thought of the theater.

"It is cold," said Tonia, "it is dead. I do not like it at all."

"Tell me something you do like," suggested the man.

Tonia thought briefly. "The dancing children I like," she said. "You have seen the dancing children, Signor?"

"The dancing children?" he questioned.

"Yes, in the city," said Tonia. "They are marble, you understand, Signor, but they dance

— oh, dance!" And to make her meaning clear, Tonia danced upon the ancient orchestra, a little spot of ragged scarlet.

The man and his wife talked together, and then he asked Tonia if she would go back with them in their cab and show them the dancing children. No, Tonia decidedly wouldn't. They might go and see it themselves in the museum just behind the Duomo. And she ran off and hid lest these strange *forestieri* should take her with them perforce.

But when the man and his wife started off in their cab, with a sleepy old driver letting a sleepy old horse take his own pace, Tonia was not far off. Indeed she was very close. She was tucked up on the rear springs of the cab out of sight, having a wonderful ride home. Now and then she dropped off to gather a flower, or to peep at a villa through its beautiful wrought-iron gate. It was an easy enough matter to catch up again and swing herself up into place. And the next day after that you might have seen Tonia braiding straw with quick fingers and telling her tale with a still quicker tongue.

"What will become of you, Tonia!" cried her mother. "Some day you will be stolen."

"Not me!" said Tonia.

"And carried off to a foreign country — even America, maybe!"

"Not me!" said Tonia.

"Who would want Tonia?" questioned sixteen-year-old Annina heartlessly.

Grandmother said nothing, but looked at Tonia. And Tonia looked at Grandmother. And an old eye and a young eye winked knowingly at each other.

Mario was a quiet boy, and up in his attic he had some precious treasures that no one knew about except Tonia. Tonia could climb like a cat, and that is why she knew. She had been up that steep ladder and discovered the sheets of paper, the chalk and charcoal, a pencil or two, and a few colors. She had found too some sketches that she knew were good, because they had life. "*Ahi,* that Mario!" she said to herself delightedly. But she knew, somehow, that her occasional pictures on back fences or stone walls or — alas! — on the Duomo floor, had also life, and lines more bold and striking than those of Mario. For Tonia drew her lines with one ecstatic sweep of her arm, and was utterly content, never so much as giving them another thought. It did not occur to her to keep the things she drew. But Mario worked painstakingly and hoarded his pictures.

Then there came an exciting day for the schools at Florence, before they closed for the summer. The children were told in each room in

each school that one child out of every school — the one who showed most promise in drawing — should be given the opportunity of a special training in art during the coming year. And in the first school week in September, the names of the winners of that great opportunity would be announced. Not a child but yearned for that honor. Not a child whose thoughts did not turn towards that Portico of the Uffizi Gallery, where marble statues of celebrated Florentines stood, each in a niche in the wall — Giotto and Donatello and Michaelangelo and many others. It was in every drop of their blood, the old desire to create a beautiful thing — the old desire that had created Florence! When school was out that day there filed before the teachers rows of children who held themselves more erect than usual; each a full-fledged artist in his or her own soul.

When Tonia gathered her few belongings from her desk and said good-by to her teacher, the teacher smiled down at her and said, " Tonia, you are a frightfully naughty little girl, but for all that you have an excellent chance for the art instruction next fall." Tonia at once saw a life-size marble statue of herself in the Uffizi Portico. But when Mario's teacher said to him, " Mario, you will surely make it," Mario looked into the future and saw long years of hard and happy

work with pencil and brush. Outside the school the two children exchanged notes. Tonia was elated; Mario was subdued.

"Let's go find a good place and each draw a picture, side by side!" suggested Tonia. So they walked along the Via Cavour, and at last, in an alley behind the great frowning Riccardi Palace, they found a wall smooth enough for their purpose. Mario dug out some chalk from his pocket and they both fell to work.

Mario drew, lovingly and painstakingly, the Duomo and its Campanile, the pride of Florence — the beautiful dome so graciously curved; the stately tower with its small windows below and its tall windows above that give it such lightness and airy grace. If you think this arrangement of the tower windows was accidentally hit upon by Giotto, draw it yourself, putting the smaller windows above, or if that is too much trouble, turn a picture of the Campanile upside down and look at it. It will dawn upon you at once that the arrangement was purposeful, not accidental. Mario wondered whether such a perfect thought would ever have come to him.

When he had finished, and turned to see what Tonia was drawing, Tonia was gone. She had left upon the wall, in a few quick lines, that statue of herself which her mind saw one day occupying its niche in the Portico. Mario knew it

was something he could not have done. And that night, as he and Tonia and the little Lucia went to bring up the cows from the pasture, he manfully told Tonia that her chance was better than his. After this they spoke no further to each other on the subject, though the rest of the family chattered about it at a great rate.

The summer was a busy time for both Mario and Tonia. Mario worked in the forenoons for Old Nello, who kept a hat shop on the street that led to the Old Bridge, the Ponte Vecchio. A strange old bridge it is, with little shops hanging to its sides like very insecure birds' nests, that it would seem are doomed to drop off some day and fall into the Arno River. The Ponte Vecchio is a street tying together two of the greatest art galleries in the world, the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi Gallery. Mario often stood in the middle of the bridge, where there were three open arches unencumbered by the clinging birds'-nest shops, and looked up and down the river that ran diagonally across the city. On the other side he could see the Boboli Garden, on the hill behind the Pitti Palace, where the people of Florence went on Sunday afternoons to enjoy the green lawn, the bright flower beds, the white statues, and the bubbling fountains. Further east he saw the hill that climbed up to the church of San Mi-

niato, and he thought of the church as a lovely jewel that had escaped from its jewel box, Florence, and sat sparkling on the top of the lid. And then Mario would pull himself together and remember that he was going on an errand for Old Nello.

To Old Nello's shop the women who had been braiding straw brought the finished braids to sell. Any morning you might see half a dozen women, with bright shawls over their heads, talking with Nello at the shop door. Or rather, Nello would be talking to them.

"Ha!" he would say. "There's a very bad splice in your braid, Lisetta. Where were your eyes that you could not see that bulge? And yours, Beppina, is as broad as an avenue in some places and as narrow as an alley in others. What do you think the ladies of Florence would think of a hat made of such uneven braid? Yours is better than it was last time, Brigitta; your bambino must be getting well. See that he doesn't get ill again while you are braiding straw. Let him have his croup some other time, if he must have it. And, Angiolina, here you let your straw get too dry and split while you are braiding. Is there no water in the Arno, woman, that you can't moisten your straw?"

But in the end, for all his fault-finding, he paid them, and like as not they all went in a

group to the New Market, which is very old in spite of its name, and spent part of their earnings there in new bundles of straw. And perhaps they fingered the bright straw baskets and longed to buy them, or looked at little lemon and orange trees in tiny wooden tubs, and thought of a place at home where one of them would make a bright spot. And then they remembered stern necessities just in time, and hurried away from temptation.

Meanwhile in Nello's shop young girls took the long braided ropes of straw and sewed them together into rather flat hat shapes. Annina Balbi would be one of these girls in the fall, for Nello had promised her the job. Mario gathered up the flat shapes and carried them into the back room, where they were well soaked with a thin glue-water, pressed over molds, and ironed until they were dry. They were then either sold to the milliner's shops in Florence to be trimmed, or packed and sent to Milan.

At noon Mario went home to help his father on the farm. The farm was part only of a larger farm, and the farmhouse was very old. The ground floor was a stable, in which were kept the two sleek white oxen which Gian had had to sell part of his farm to buy, and the two cows. Up the side of the house went a stone staircase to the floor above, which consisted of the kitchen

and a bedroom. The kitchen was a very large room. A stone fireplace with a big hood above it took up all one side; the father's and mother's iron bedstead was in one corner; and between two windows stood the pride of Angiolina's heart, a great oak chest given her by her father when she was married. The oak was blackened by the kitchen smoke, but the brass hinges and handles Angiolina kept polished with great care. Around the long narrow table where they ate were stools, a stool for each of the family and one over, which had been Grandfather's.

From the ceiling rafters hung strings of onions and peppers and bags of dried herbs, and from the ceiling just in front of the fireplace hung a swinging shelf, on which, later in the season, chestnuts would be put to dry before they were made into a flour called *dolce farina.* As summer drew to its close, the kitchen window sills, and the porch that ran around the kitchen, would be covered with trays of sliced tomatoes drying in the sun, later to be spiced for winter use.

In the bedroom Grandmother's bed occupied the place of honor, and in a corner was that now blanketless bed of the three sisters. It was all very well to cut up the blanket in the springtime to clothe gypsy babies, but what would the three girls do when frost came? There might be an-

other blanket in Mother's chest, but nobody knew but Mother. She seldom opened the chest when any one was in the kitchen. Her own silver earrings, which she wore every Sunday, she got out when the children were having their Saturday-night cleaning and polishing, Grandmother directing and Annia executing. Being cleaned and polished is an absorbing occupation. You cannot think of anything else but the smart of the soap in your eyes.

Outside the farmhouse were pleasant acres well cared for. There was an old threshing floor near the house, a favorite "place in the sun," where the old dog Babbo took innumerable naps, where the cat dozed and purred while her kittens played about her, and where the chickens never gave up hope of finding a few grains of wheat or barley. Up a trellis over the great stable door ran a grapevine, with grapes ripening to a golden color in the sun. A little brook ran through the place in the spring, and flowed into the Mugnone, but in late summer its narrow bed was dry. On the borders of this stood olive trees, shaking their leaves into ripples of silver and gray. And to the southwest lay Florence, lifting Giotto's Tower into a golden sky.

All summer long Tonia's hands and feet were busy with many duties, but her head was thinking of one thing only. It came rather hard with To-

nia to think. Tonia would rather act upon her lively impulses. But now she was really planning, planning. At last it seemed necessary to consult with some one; Grandmother, of course. And so one warm night, after Annina and Lucia had fallen asleep, Tonia crept into Grandmother's bed.

"Grandmother!" This in a whisper almost as silent as the moonlight that lay across Grandmother's counterpane.

"Yes, Bambina." This in a whisper no bigger around than a very gentle kiss.

"My drawing is better than Mario's."

"The wonder of it, that they were not proud to have your pictures on the floor of the Duomo!"

"Grandmother, I said that my drawing is better than Mario's."

"Didn't I say yes?"

"No, Grandmother, you didn't."

"Very well then; it is."

"Would you not like me to have the art course?"

Grandmother looked back over ninety odd years before she answered. "When I was your age, Bambina, I was a wonder at the pencil. When I see you, I see myself again. But I did not have a chance."

"Grandmother, does that mean that you would like me to have it?"

"Didn't I say yes?"

"Well, say it again, Grandmother. Your yeses get so tangled up with what you're thinking!"

"Yes, little one, yes!"

"But now listen, Grandmother. Mario must have it!"

Grandmother paused for a long time. And then she said slowly, "It is better that Mario should have it."

And at that there were tears on Grandmother's cheeks and tears on Tonia's cheeks, but each brushed them off fiercely before the other knew that they were there.

"Very well, then, Grandmother, if I go to school they will give it to me. Therefore I shall be lost for a whole week. But now mind, Grandmother, I shall be perfectly safe. I know a place." Here Tonia whispered the name of the place in such a mere shadow of a whisper that even we, straining our ears, cannot hear it. "At the end of the week I will be back again, all right. And mind, this is a dead secret between you and me."

After that there were a few more whispers, so tiny and tender that even themselves scarcely heard them, and then Tonia crawled back into her own bed and at once fell sound asleep. But Grandmother slept no more that night.

On the first Monday in September Mario and Tonia started off for school. Their faces were so clean that you had to look again to be sure it was they. Both had on shoes and stockings. Tonia's red dress, which had gone to pieces during the summer, was replaced by a dark blue one, and in her ears — the glory of this! — hung Mother's silver earrings! I assure you Tonia had done no wheedling for this. Mother had lent them to her for the day " for good luck." When Tonia turned her head they brushed lightly against her cheeks. She was so entranced that she pirouetted all the way to school. All the way? No, not quite. A block away from the school she disappeared — melted out of sight. This did not worry Mario in the least; it had happened too often for that. An organ-grinder or a dancing bear, even a straw blowing in the wind, was enough to turn Tonia out of the path of duty. And so he went on alone to the school, and to his room in the school. Tonia was forgotten. One thing only filled his mind.

That night, when Tonia did not turn up, there was a hue and cry for her; for with all her disappearances she had never before failed to come home by night. School children reported having seen her near the school that morning, and police were set to scour the neighborhood. By Thursday she was given up for stolen, and vari-

ous gypsy bands were being chased down. The world, as it must, went back to its work. Angiolina wept over her cooking and spiced her tomatoes with salty tears. She felt assured the child had been stolen for the sake of the silver earrings. Gian lost his appetite; Annina remembered with remorse how she had asked, "Who would want Tonia?"; and Grandmother kept to her bed. Old Babbo was uneasy; and three times the little Lucia ran off to hunt for her sister and had to be brought back and spanked soundly for adding to the family troubles.

On Thursday afternoon Tonia's teacher went to the farm to see Angiolina. She found only Grandmother at home, in her big bed. And then and there Grandmother, with many a word to the teacher as to the duty of keeping a secret, told Tonia's story, all but the place where she was hiding. Grandmother drew the line firmly at telling that. And teacher went back to her home with her heart all warm and curly about its edges, like an oyster in a stew, and from that time on could not remember for the life of her that Tonia was a trying child that had given her a great deal of trouble.

Of course, if Grandmother let part of the secret out, there's no reason why we should not tell the rest. Tonia was hiding in that ancient Roman theater up on the hill at Fiesole. A hard-

ship? Not a bit of it! In September the country round about Florence is warm — not to say hot — and dry. Honey-colored quinces and red-gold apricots hang thick and ripe in every orchard. The people are kindly, and nobody is suspicious of a twelve-year-old girl. In seven days Tonia saw everything there was of interest and beauty in and about Fiesole, even to the great quarry of gray stone, the *pietra serena* — lovely name! — of which so many of the buildings of Florence are constructed. And her comings and goings about Fiesole were so quiet that scarcely any one saw a small girl in a dark blue calico dress, with bare feet. Why, all of Italy is filled with little blue calico dresses and bare and sunburned legs and feet! Tonia's shoes and stockings and the precious earrings she kept hid in a crevice between two great stones in the theater. Often when no tourists were near to disturb her, she stood up before the semicircle of seats and recited one of Garibaldi's stirring speeches to his soldiers, learned painfully at school and now repeated with great gusto. Each morning when the sun rose, and she got up feeling rather stiff from a night on an un-upholstered theater bench, she raised her arm in the grave Fascisti salute and said a few of Premier Mussolini's patriotic words; for she was a quite fierce Fascist, and would joyfully have worn a black shirt had her

mother only been willing to make her one. She had seen Signor Mussolini's little girl once, standing beside her father — just her age, and black-shirted! Sometimes she put on the earrings, and turned her head this way and that in imaginary conversations, and felt their cool pat-pat upon her sunburned cheeks. And all over the theater, here, there and everywhere on the time-worn stones, she drew pictures until her one piece of chalk was worn away to nothing. But she did not draw her own statue in a niche of the Uffizi Portico.

Then, on the next Monday morning early, into the farmhouse door she walked, with the air of one saying, "Well, here is your long-lost Tonia!" And will you believe it, they did not treat her at all as the man in the parable treated his prodigal son. They simply turned and looked at her standing there in the doorway, on one foot, with the great purple Apennines over her shoulders, and cried with one voice, "Mario won! Mario is to have the art study! Our Mario! Over the whole school!"

And Tonia gulped and blinked and smiled, and shook the earrings gaily so that they almost played a tune, and looked at Mario.

"*Ahi!* That Mario! I knew he'd win!" she cried.

And then she put her head in at the bedroom

door, and between the old eye on the pillow of the big bed and the young eye in the doorway, there passed a most glorious and exalted wink.

VII

AN ADVENTURE IN HEIDELBERG

THERE is a town in southern Germany that is famous for three things — its beautiful situation, with the Neckar River at its feet and hills piled up behind its back; its university, one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, in Germany; and the ruins of the old castle that hangs like an eagle's nest on the hills above the town. Heidelberg this is, a lovely spot, with so much sunshine that one who visits there in summer wonders whether it ever rains. If it ever snows there — but that is quite unthinkable!

In all of Heidelberg, as it lay shimmering and simmering in the hot sun, perhaps no family was busier one morning in July than the Bremmer family. Herr Bremmer the father had his job, Frau Bremmer had hers, Gretta the eighteen-year-old daughter had hers, twelve-year-old Bertram had his, and even ten-year-old Katchen had hers. This was in the summer of 1921, when the pinch of war times was three years in the past, and the pinch of the country's money troubles a year or two later had not yet come. But even so, money was not as plentiful as it might be, and

there were not many families that could afford to have an idle member.

Already then at half-past seven the Bremmer family had set out from its modest little home not far from the railway depot. Herr Bremmer was, and had been for several years, a janitor at the university, and as the summer students were all there now, there was plenty of work for him to do, keeping the classrooms and laboratories in apple-pie order. Herr Bremmer walked briskly down the long Hauptstrasse — we would call it Main Street in our country — which ran east and west through the city for a mile and a half. About halfway along the Hauptstrasse he turned south into a large open square, on the sides of which stood the university buildings and the museum. Here he quickly got into his overalls, and after opening up the doors and windows, busied himself with broom and dustpan. Frau Bremmer and Bertram had walked along the Hauptstrasse with him as far as he went, and now they kept on several blocks more to another big open square, the market place. Between them they carried a huge basket of huckleberries, which Bertram and Gretta had picked the day before, well back on the wooded hills, where they grew in great plenty.

The market was a bright and lively scene. Dotted all over the big open square were huge

umbrellas, some red and white, some green and white, each one keeping the heat of the sun from the woman sitting beneath it and from her baskets of vegetables and fruits, or of butter and eggs. About the edge of the square market wagons were being unloaded. At one side stood the city hall with its façade gaily adorned with colors, in the German fashion, and its gables scalloped along the edges like a sugar cooky. On the opposite side was the nave of an old church, old and forlorn, but still towering above the houses around it like a hen with her chickens about her.

Frau Bremmer had no umbrella, for as she had not a great deal to sell, she did not expect to be long at the market. Under one arm she carried a camp stool and this she set up on the shady side of a wagon, and with her basket of huckleberries at her feet, she took out her knitting and began to knit busily on a woolen stocking. As she had not yet begun to " round the heel " of the stocking, she did not need to keep her eyes on her work. Instead she kept them busily on the outlook for customers. There were many huckleberries in market that warm mid-July morning, some in great wooden troughs that looked as though they had been borrowed from the pumps. You would have expected, had you been there, to smell the delicious odor of huckleberry pies all over Heidelberg that afternoon.

Gretta, meanwhile, had gone at once after the early breakfast to the newspaper office and had secured a big armful of morning papers. She was now busy distributing them along her route, which lay south of the railway station where there were but few shops and many houses. Katchen walked part of the way with her with a big blue jug in her hands, for Katchen went always for the day's supply of milk. Gretta wore a green woolen skirt, a white waist, and a red apron. She wore no hat. Almost nobody in Heidelberg, man or woman, wears a hat in summertime. And that is one way, if there were no other, to tell who are strangers there and who are not. When Gretta had finished distributing her newspapers at various doors, she went to a house to take care of two little children for the rest of the forenoon. Sometimes she amused them in their nursery, sometimes took them to the Botanical Gardens, where she could sit on a bench and knit while they played happily about her. At noon she would go home to the noonday meal, and in the afternoon she and Bertram would go berrying again.

When Katchen had gone home with the blue jug of milk, and had put it into a pan of cool water on the pantry window sill, she started out again, and stopping at a neighbor's house, was about to ring the bell when the door opened and

out came her playmate Gretel, with a clean white apron over her dress and cheeks most frightfully clean from a recent and thorough scrubbing.

"I'm all ready, Katchen," she said, and the two walked together along the Hauptstrasse. Although they took this walk every morning during the summer, they still paused to gaze into every shop window, with noses flattened against the glass. In many of these windows were displayed objects to attract the eyes of tourists, from pictures of the castle done in lurid colors to little wooden toys — farmyards, stables, kitchens, with their people and their animals — so tiny and so perfect in their completeness as to seem more like miracles than like the works of man. But at last they came to the market place, and there they stopped to speak to Katchen's mother.

"How many berries have you sold, Mother?" asked Katchen.

"Only a few quarts," said her mother, "but the day is yet young."

"Mother," said Katchen, "do not sell quite all, please. To-morrow is Saturday, and Uncle Hans and Cousin Carl are coming. They would surely like a huckleberry pie!"

Frau Bremmer laughed. "They might, or they might not. Who knows what people from

America like to eat? But Katchen Bremmer would surely like a huckleberry pie!"

The two children laughed and went on. When they came to the outskirts of the city they stopped at a house set in a garden up on the hill. In an enclosure near the house a flock of geese were quacking and fussing. On the doorsteps, in his shirt sleeves and smoking his pipe, sat Uncle Kaspar.

"Hey!" he called. "Come and get the geese before they cackle their foolish heads off."

Katchen and Gretel went in through the gate, hurried to the enclosure, and set the geese free. Immediately they stretched their long necks forward, spread out their great wings, and went waddling down the road at a great pace. Aunt Katrina, with her skirts tucked up and a pair of Uncle Kaspar's boots on, was busy working in the garden. Now that the beans were over, she was digging up the plants with her hoe and getting the ground ready for the turnip seeds, which she would soon plant.

"Has your mother heeled her stocking yet?" she called to Katchen. It was for Uncle Kaspar that Frau Bremmer was knitting the stockings.

"No, Aunt," said Katchen. "Mother is at the market to-day. But I am heeling mine, and I shall have it done to-day if the gray gander does not make too much trouble."

Aunt Katrina bent to her work again, Uncle Kaspar continued to smoke peacefully, and the two children followed the geese, who knew exactly where they were going and were anxious to get there as soon as possible. Almost a half-mile east they went, and then turned into a grassy hollow lying between two spurs of the hills, nearly filled by a shallow pool with marshy borders, where reeds and tall grasses grew thickly. Here the geese busied themselves in the pleasant moisture, while the children sat up on the slope of the hill, knitting and chattering together. The Neckar sparkled almost at their feet, and overhead the old castle hung. When Christmas time came Uncle Kaspar would send Katchen's mother and Gretel's mother each a fat goose for the Christmas dinner, and this would amply repay the daily care the two children gave to the flock during the summer.

When Frau Bremmer had sold her fruit she took her empty basket and went home, stopping on the way at the butcher's for sausages for supper and lard for pies. There was plenty to be done at home, for her brother, who had been living in America for many years, was coming back for a visit to his native town, and was due to arrive to-morrow, with his boy Carl. Cakes and bread had been baked in readiness, and the house was spotless from end to end, but Frau Brem-

The children sat upon the slope of the hill, knitting and chattering together

mer, who, like the women on the Dutch Cleanser can, was always looking for dust, was always able to find some. You and I more wisely would not look for any, and therefore, happily, would not see it!

At noon Gretta came home, but Bertram did not appear. She and her mother finished their hot potato soup and bread and cheese, and still no Bertram. Herr Bremmer did not come home at noon, but ate in a little restaurant near the university, and Katchen had in her knitting bag a nice package of lunch that her mother had put up for her. Perhaps, said Mother and Gretta to each other, Father had taken Bertram to eat with him. If they could have known it, however, Bertram was not only not lunching with his father, but was having no lunch at all. What he was having was an adventure.

Bertram had been helping his father in his janitor's work at the university for two years now, and was very useful. Not only that, but his quiet manners and polite behavior had won him the good will of the professors, and often they paid him for doing errands or for some bit of help he was able to give them. Professor Wulff, the astronomer, spent most of his time at the observatory on the top of the hill. Once a week, however, he came down by way of the cable car, that crept up and down the hill at an angle steep

enough to make a visitor anxious, to give a lecture in one of the lecture rooms. Bertram thought that Professor Wulff was the greatest and most wonderful man in the world, and when he was sent to fetch a book or a piece of apparatus to the professor, he managed to linger in the room as long as possible to hear the great man lecture. His very voice was great, and full of learning. Though why he should put upon the blackboard, not pictures of the sun or moon or stars, but letters from the alphabet and numbers from the arithmetic, and call it astronomy, was a great mystery to Bertram. Nevertheless, he had decided that he would be an astronomer if he did not have to be a student first. He did not like the students at all. He rather feared them, and kept out of their way as much as possible.

They were an idle, happy-go-lucky looking lot of lads, and no one has ever written of actually seeing them study, and yet they must have done so. At the end of the year they took the state examinations, went away, and were replaced by others. When examination days were approaching, there were more notes taken in their little flat notebooks, or "*hefts*," and consequently more ink spilt upon the floor for Herr Bremmer to clean up. But it did seem that they spent most of their time in the cafés and restaurants, or in groups parading up and down the Hauptstrasse

arm in arm, each with his cane and his pipe and his bulldog at his heels. Bertram especially disliked those who belonged to the several duelling corps or clubs, with their absurd little caps, blue or red or yellow or green, depending upon the corps to which they belonged. Bertram looked at the sword scars upon their faces — scars fresh and new, with strips of court-plaster on them; scars half healed; and old scars that were now only white, drawn skin with puckers along the edges. They were as proud of these disfiguring scars as girls who put a bit of black court-plaster on their cheeks to call attention to a charming dimple! No, if Bertram had to be a student first in order to be a professor, he would give up his greatest ambition.

And now, on this very day, see what happened to him! It was nearly one o'clock. He left the university and was about to go home when a cab, driven by a yellow-capped student, drew up at the curb. Immediately a group of yellow-capped boys came hurrying out and piled into it. They filled the cab, the driver's seat, and the steps, to overflowing. They drove off, turning along the Hauptstrasse to the left. Evidently they were going to lunch at a restaurant, and as they were going in Bertram's direction, it occurred to him that one more would not add much to the cab, and so he "hung on behind." That's a trick that is

German as well as American; I can vouch for its being Italian; doubtless it is French too, though I'm not so sure of that; and maybe — who knows? — it is Chinese. So here we have Bertram running on behind the cab, and now and then swinging his feet up off the ground.

Suddenly the cab turned a corner and then another, and the driver whipped up his horse so suddenly that Bertram was afraid to let go. He caught his feet up into some part of the underpinning of the cab and hung on for dear life. And then almost before he knew where they were going, the cab was swinging at a lively pace across the Old Bridge. Home was rapidly getting farther away now instead of nearer, but Bertram still clung, for he was afraid to drop off. On the farther side of the bridge they turned east, and after what seemed a long time to Bertram, switched into a road that entered a chasm in the hills. At last they stopped before a very large old barn of an inn, set deep in a grove of chestnut trees — the very sort of a place that a highwayman with his belt full of pistols would have chosen, a hundred or so years ago, to stay in for the night. Here the students all tumbled out pell-mell, and went quickly into the inn. In a short time their heads, topped with their yellow caps, could be seen at the upper-story windows.

For a time Bertram clung to his upside-down

perch, afraid to move. When his arms were too tired to hang on any longer he dropped to the ground and ran close to the building so as not to be seen from a window. No one seemed to be stirring on the ground floor except a woman who was washing dishes in the kitchen with a great clattering. Presently, curiosity overcoming him, and no one seeming to be on the lookout, Bertram ran to a tree a few feet from the side of the house and began to climb. He was a good climber, and with no trouble he reached a big branch on the level of the upper windows and quite close to one of them. He waited until his heart stopped beating so hard and his breath came more slowly, and then he looked in at the window.

The room that he looked into was a big one, bare except for tables and chairs down two sides. The chairs were occupied by students of the yellow-capped and green-capped corps. But what caught Bertram's startled and astonished eye was the sight of two students facing each other at one end of the room — a yellow cap and a green. Each had a sword in hand, and so quickly were these two swords thrusting and parrying that they looked like rapidly shifting streaks of light. Bertram was seeing a duel! And as he knew very well that these duels were strictly private affairs, he felt sure the students would punish

him in some way if they caught him spying upon them. Should he make his escape at once? No, he would look just a little longer and satisfy his curiosity.

The eyes of the duelling men were protected by steel goggles without glasses, and they had shields padded with cotton on various parts of their bodies, but their faces, except for the goggles, were bare. They slashed away at each other at a great rate, and blood was running freely from cuts on their faces. Presently the sword of one was broken. The two stopped until fresh swords were brought, and then went at each other again. At last one man received such a blow that he could fight no longer. Immediately two doctors, opening their cases of instruments, washed, examined, and bound up and covered with strips of surgical court-plaster the various cuts the duellists had received. At this point Bertram, feeling a little faint, slid down from the tree, and keeping among the bushes at one side of the road, fled away as quickly as he could for home.

When he came out of the chasm into the road that ran along the river he walked slowly, trying to make up his mind whether he would tell of his adventure, or keep it a secret. He could not help feeling that he had done a forbidden thing and was in some degree guilty. As he was

thinking this, he heard a noise behind him, yet some distance off. Looking back he saw the cab containing the yellow-capped students returning to the city. What should he do? He broke into a run, but he saw very well that he could not reach and cross the Old Bridge before they overtook him. Then he noticed that the ferryboat that crossed the river some distance this side of the bridge was filling up with passengers, and would evidently soon go across. He hurried down the short but steep bank to the water's edge and threw himself into the boat just as it was starting.

"*Ach!*" cried the ferryman. "Would you upset the boat? Where are your manners? And where, too, is your penny?"

Bertram felt in all his pockets, one after another. Not a penny did he have. The boat was full of tourists going across to visit the castle, which glowed red in the sun, high up on the hill behind the town, and they all watched Bertram hunt for his fare.

"Was it a ghost that was after you, that you should be in such haste?" asked the ferryman. "Or is it that you are a runaway thief? Ha? Am I to turn back and put you out? Ha?"

As Bertram stood there in despair, he felt something being pushed into his hand very quietly. A young girl, sitting beside him, was

giving him the necessary penny, but in such a way that nobody could see what she was doing. Then she said, quite loudly and in very poor German indeed, " Look again! I'm sure you have a penny in one of your pockets." She smiled at him in very friendly fashion. If you gave her a zero for her poor German, you would have to give her one hundred for that friendly smile. Bertram took her hint at once and " discovered " the penny in one of his pockets. Handing it to the ferryman, he waited until that worthy person had turned his back, and then gave the young girl a bashful but grateful smile and a whispered *" Danke! "*

Now it so happened that when the cabful of students saw a boy trudging along the road some distance ahead of them, they did not recognize the janitor's boy, nor had they any idea that he had been peeping at them through the inn window. But observing that the boy looked back at them uneasily and then broke into a run, as though afraid, they decided to have a little fun with him. Seeing him making for the ferryboat, they whipped up their horse in order to get across the bridge and drive along and meet the incoming ferryboat on the other side. This, however, they could not quite do. When the boat reached the south bank of the river, Bertram could see Uncle Kaspar's house up on the hill some distance far-

ther along than the castle. He knew that the white patch he could see in the doorway was Uncle Kaspar sitting there in his shirt sleeves. It was; and could Bertram have known it, it was a rather subdued Uncle Kaspar that sat there.

It seems that Aunt Katrina's garden ran down the hill in a long strip and ended at the bottom in a little green meadow no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, so to speak. An old cherry tree, full of fruit, stood at one corner, and tied to this with a length of rope was the cow, Trudel by name. Near by stood Uncle Kaspar's hand cart, which he used in delivering the garden vegetables to his customers; and under the tree stood Aunt Katrina with a big basket of cherries that she had just picked. It was not going to be easy for a big stout woman like Aunt Katrina to carry that heavy basket up the hill. Indeed it was going to be all she could do to get herself up. Suddenly Aunt Katrina had an idea. When one has a good idea it is an excellent thing to act upon it. Aunt Katrina fastened the push cart to the astonished Trudel with the rope, put her basket into the cart, and drove Trudel up the hill. The idea was good, indeed, but not entirely new. Aunt Katrina had seen cows in a harvest field drawing little wagons of hay. She had seen this from the car window on the wonderful occasion when she had gone down to Carlsruhe on her first

and only ride on a train. She had been horrified then. When she and Trudel reached the top of the hill and Uncle Kaspar saw them, he jumped up and waved his arms wildly and cried, "Woman, have you lost your senses? To make the poor cow work! *Ach!* What will you do next!"

He little knew what she would do next. She put the basket of cherries on the ground, unfastened the rope, and led the cow directly up to where Uncle Kaspar sat on the step, so that the cow's big black moist nose was only an inch or two from Uncle Kaspar's nose. And then she put her two hands on her hips, which is a warlike demonstration.

"Move over!" said Aunt Katrina, with a big round laugh that shook her just as Santa Claus' laugh shakes him. "Move over, husband, and let Trudel sit on the step beside you and rest in peace. I can work without the help of either of you!" Then she picked up her basket and went indoors, and Uncle Kaspar, in self-defense, had to put Trudel in the cow shed.

Dear me, how we have gotten off the track of our story! We left Bertram getting off the ferry and the cabful of students hot-foot after him. Bertram saw that he could not reach Uncle Kaspar's house in time to escape them, and like a flash he ran a block or two towards the hills and

ran up the long Burgweg, a wide alley between high walls that led up the hill to the castle. When the students saw him run they jumped from the cab, leaving it in the middle of the street, and chased after the boy like dogs after a rabbit.

Up the Burgweg sped Bertram, sure now that he was to be punished for spying on the duelling. Just as he was leaving the Burgweg to double around and reach the entrance below the great watch tower, he heard the footsteps of his pursuers behind him. Bertram had been in the old castle enough times to know it pretty well. Once inside he dodged about, the students after him but never catching sight of him, now through one of the twelve buildings which make a square about a central court, now hiding in the old moat, now in the great cellar, and doubling on his tracks when occasion demanded. At last he scurried through the vaulted underground passage that led from one building back to the entrance to the Burgweg, thinking to go down again, but hearing voices coming up that way, he changed his mind. He went back through the underground passage, crossed the central court, sped under the portcullis of the watch tower, and across the bridge over the moat. In a few minutes he was in the garden in front of the restaurant where the people of Heidelberg come up to eat their supper at little tables set out on the

grass and listen to the orchestra play. He ran to the music pavilion and hid behind the last row of chairs. And there he remained for more than an hour, although long before that the students had wearied of their chase and gone down to the city. At last he ventured out of his hiding place, and after a glance at the old castle, whose walls were covered with ivy where swallows darted in and out, and another glance at the city below and at the silver streak on the horizon which was the Rhine River, into which the Neckar flows, he started home. He might have gone down the winding road that led to the city through a bit of real forest, but he wanted to stop at Uncle Kaspar's, and the Burgweg was nearer. He had about made up his mind to tell Uncle Kaspar of his adventure. Uncle Kaspar was like the Sphinx — he could keep a secret for years and years!

Uncle Kaspar was smoking in the doorway when Bertram arrived. You will wonder — and indeed I wonder myself — whether Uncle Kaspar ever did anything else. Bertram was very tired and very hungry, and not at all pleased with the world. He had just remembered for the first time that he should by rights be picking huckleberries with Gretta. He sat down by Uncle Kaspar, propped his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, and said nothing.

Uncle Kaspar blew little rings of blue smoke from his pipe and said nothing also. They could smell cherries cooking in the kitchen and hear Aunt Katrina's voice singing Martin Luther's old hymn:

Ein' feste Burg ist Unser Gott.

At last Bertram spoke. "Uncle Kaspar, when you have a dark secret on your mind, what had you better do?"

"A dark secret, eh?" asked Uncle Kaspar.

"Yes, sir, awfully dark!"

Uncle Kaspar turned and looked at Bertram sharply. Bertram looked as forlorn and weary as a boy could look. "Are you hungry?" he asked.

Bertram looked around for words. Through the open door of the cow shed he could see the cow's tail swinging to and fro like a pendulum. "I could eat Old Trudel," he said, "horns, hooves, hide, and everything — *raw!*"

"H'm," said Uncle Kaspar. He rose up and went indoors. Presently he came out with a bread and cheese sandwich and a tall glass of milk. Bertram fell joyously upon these things and ate to the last crumb and drop, and all in nearly as short a time as it takes me to get to the end of this sentence and put a period there.

"Still hungry?" asked Uncle Kaspar.

"Yes, sir!" said Bertram.

Uncle Kaspar went indoors again, and came back with a cherry pie fresh from the oven — not a full-grown pie, but one which bore the same relation to a full-grown pie that a silver quarter bears to a silver half-dollar. This too Bertram ate to the last crumb. Then he gave a contented sigh. He felt like a man again. His face was adorned with a juicy red stain and a beaming smile. He stood up.

"There come Katchen and Gretel with the geese," he said briskly. "I guess I'll go along home with them. Uncle Kaspar, did you know that Uncle Hans and Cousin Carl from New York will be here to-morrow? Carl is just my age, and I'll show him what's what! On Sunday we are going to the Ritter House for dinner. He'll think that's a wonderful place with all those paintings and mottoes on the walls, and everything. And in the evening we are all going up to the castle for supper. That will surprise him! There are no ancient castles in America, I feel pretty sure. And we'll listen to the music. I'll wager he never heard such music in his life. He wrote in his letter to me about the sky-scrapers they have in New York, but skyscrapers aren't everything. Oh! And on Monday he can go to the museum with me; and that's the day the

Herr Professor Wulff comes down from the observatory to lecture. I tell you, Uncle Kaspar, there's a wonderful man for you! I'll show Carl that the great men aren't all in America, believe me!"

Uncle Kaspar's eyes began to twinkle. "But that dark secret —" he began. Bertram interrupted him.

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Bertram. "It's just something I happened to see." And away he went to let the girls and the geese in at the gate. The only cloud left in his sky was Gretta. How was he going to explain to her why he had not gone with her to pick huckleberries?

VIII

THERE WAS A WAR. . . .

Did you ever stop to think, and then go right on thinking, what a wonderful country Switzerland is? In the first place it is lifted up on the backs and shoulders of many mountains massed together; and in the second place it includes three races of people speaking three different languages — Italian, French and German — all living peaceably under one government. And in the third place, it seems to be able to mind its own business most beautifully, and keep at peace when the countries round about it are either having lively quarrels, or at the very least are making faces at each other.

Suppose that a few summers ago you had been riding on a train that had left Berne, which is the capital of Switzerland, and were going to Lucerne on lovely Lake Lucerne. You would, of course, have been looking out of the car window most of the time. There were many tunnels, both long and short, which allowed the train to go through a mountain instead of around it, and then, indeed, you could see nothing. But the rest of the time you watched the country with

great interest. You looked up at its tremendous hills down which, here and there, poured long cataracts that tossed their spray out across the valley and went roaring and tumbling into a river. You saw the tidy villages, which looked to you like the neat toy village that was given to you one Christmas, each with its church and schoolhouse, its mill close by the river, the cattle browsing on the rich green grass, the fruit orchards, the chestnut groves, the white roads looped about the hills, and the arched stone bridges across the mountain rivers.

When at last you were tired of looking out the window, you looked at the three people who sat in the seat opposite you, and you found them interesting, too. There was a girl of twelve, a boy a year or two older, both fair-haired and blue-eyed, and a lad of perhaps twenty-two, tall and slender, dark of hair and eyes, and with a grave and melancholy face. One of the children sat on each side of him, and the two of them kept up a merry chatter in their German tongue. Now and again the older boy would smile a little at their jokes and stories, but when they ceased talking he was at once grave again. And once or twice he grew so very grave that the girl, Elsa, cried out to him, "Sew, André, sew!" And at that the older boy drew from a small bag a bit of white linen fastened into two wooden em-

broidery hoops, and taking a needle threaded with silk, took careful stitches upon the half-embroidered flower upon the linen. Then Elsa and her brother Max leaned back in the seat and sighed a little for very weariness. It was an anxious journey for them, and they would be glad when they and their cousin were safe at home in Lucerne.

André Lennard was a French boy who had served his country during the last two years of the Great War, and had suffered from shell shock. For a year he had lain in a hospital bed in France, trying to gather his poor wits together. Then his Uncle Marcel, a doctor who lived in Geneva, had taken him from the hospital and brought him home to Geneva, in Switzerland, where he and Aunt Julie had done all in their power to make him well, and especially to make him happy. For a while he had been interested in the city on the beautiful Lake Geneva that pours its waters into the rapid stream of the Rhone River. There were two places he liked above all others in Geneva. He liked to stand on the bridge under which the water of the lake flowed to issue forth on the other side in the deep, clear, green, swift river, which would rush south through France — through the mulberry groves and the fragrant vineyards, and the orchards of olive and quince and orange and fig —

to pour at last into the far-away, blue Mediterranean sea.

The other place was that great Monument of the Reformation, the greatest monument in Switzerland. Picture to yourself a long stone wall, some two hundred feet in length, and perhaps fifty feet high. Here and there upon it are carved scenes where men are striking for freedom, either in words or action, and here and there are words that have brought about a better kind of living for the world. There are, too, the figures of ten men who helped to reform the world. Four of these, in the very middle of the wall, are raised up above the others, and are of colossal size. Before these four André would stand for a long time. He did not know anything about them, but their great figures and grave faces gave him a thrill, and so did the three words that ran in huge letters along the stone wall. They were Latin words, but André could read them, as you will be able to do in a very few years. Their meaning in English is, " After the darkness, light! "

But of the busy life of the city — its shops, its markets, its boulevards along the blue lake, the steamers and launches and yachts flying their gay pennants and brilliant flags, the two buildings where the League of Nations met, one a great hotel, the other a simple gray building like

a Quaker meetinghouse — of these things he took no notice. He seemed to be dreaming instead of living.

"This will never do in the world," said Uncle Marcel, the busy doctor. "Somehow or other we must wake him up."

And then Aunt Julie had an idea. She wrote to her sister Lisbet in Lucerne, and asked if André might go and spend a few weeks with her. "He needs the company of young people," wrote Aunt Julie, "and it would do him good to be with your two lively children before they start to school again next month."

And Aunt Lisbet had written back to say that she would be glad to have André, and that she would send the children as far as Berne to meet him. Then Aunt Julie had written again, and said, "Tell the children to keep him amused. If he begins to look sad and gloomy they must insist upon his getting out his sewing and working upon it. It makes him forget his troubles."

At last the train pulled into Lucerne. André was pleased to see the beautiful Lake of Lucerne. Aunt Lisbet was not at the train to meet them. Since her husband died she had kept a little shop where all sorts of Swiss carvings and other things that tourists like to buy were for sale. Back in the mountains around Lucerne lived men and boys who carved these things during the long

winter evenings. There were little statues in wood of William Tell and his son, copied from the big statue that stood in Altdorf, not many miles from Lucerne. And there were bears a-plenty, and spoons with the edelweiss, the little flower that grows high up on the mountains, carved upon their handles. And there were inkstands and bookmarks and spool holders and thimble cases, and some things whose use you would be puzzled to guess, all carved out by those clever Swiss hands, with only a knife for a tool.

There is a fascinating, narrow little street, spotlessly clean, that runs uphill from the water front, and which spreads out into a market place, or *platz,* before it climbs very far. In the middle of the platz is a brightly colored fountain with a tall shaft in its midst. At the top of the shaft a life-sized soldier stands with a flag and a sword, and lower down four spouts pour streams of water into the broad basin below. It is around this fountain that the market people spread out their fruits and vegetables and flowers on Tuesday and Saturday mornings, and in one corner of the platz Aunt Lisbet's shop stood, and next to it was a bookstore. In the summer, when there was no school, Max and Elsa often helped carry a market basket home for a marketer, and had each a penny for their trouble. But in the aft-

ernoons Max worked at the bookstore, wrapping and tying books, delivering them, and, when the store was closed, sweeping and putting everything in order for the next day.

Aunt Lisbet and her children lived in a few rooms on the floor above the shop, and Elsa, though only twelve, kept the rooms spotlessly clean and tidy. You should see the copper saucepans when she had scoured them and hung them in a row below the kitchen shelf! On the shelf she arranged the brown, blue and yellow pitchers and bowls, from the big brown pitcher which she filled at the fountain at least three times every day, to the little blue-and-white bowl from which she ate her potato soup at noon. But when her mother came upstairs to cook the dinner and the supper, then Elsa, with her hair smoothed and a clean apron on, went down into the shop to wait on any customer who might come in. Max and Elsa, as well as their mother, spoke both French and German. But when English or American tourists came in, Elsa could only smile pleasantly all over her round little face, and be deft and quick in guessing at the wants of her customers.

When André and the children arrived at Lucerne it was nearly six o'clock, and Aunt Lisbet was busy with the supper when they reached the shop. She welcomed André, whom she had

not seen since he was a little boy, most warmly, and she was careful to make no mention of the War, and had already warned the children not to do so. Soon they were sitting about the table, where every dish was sending up a fragrant steam. They talked about everything else except the forbidden subject. André was quiet at first, but the sound of young chattering voices really warmed his heart, and he even smiled once or twice. His grave eyes looked about the humble, cheerful home, at laughing Elsa and eager Max, at big, stout, rosy-cheeked Aunt Lisbet, and for the first time since he had put on a uniform and gone to help protect his country, he felt at home. And that night, sharing Max's little bedroom, he slept the night through, without any sudden and terrified awakenings.

Next day Max and Elsa had a holiday, so that they might show their cousin the town. Mr. Vogel of the bookstore next door was quite willing to give his faithful helper a day off. First they walked along that delightful promenade with the blue lake on one side of it and the long row of big hotels and fine shops on the other, which ends finally in a big church with two steeples. To the east they saw Rigi standing up against the sky, the mountain that everybody either climbs afoot or rides up on a cog railway, to see a sunrise or a sunset from the top. Upon the south-

west sky they saw Mount Pilatus, dark and high, with its head hidden in the clouds. They looked into the shops and saw fine laces and linens, wonderful Swiss watches and clocks, silverware, carvings and beautifully illustrated books. Outside of every lace shop sat one or two young girls in chairs upon the sidewalk, busily making lace or embroidering linen. When they reached the church with the two steeples and went into it, they found there two or three women with their heads tied up, sweeping and dusting. Above all others, Swiss women seem to believe that " cleanliness is next to Godliness," and it is said of them that when two of them meet on the street they say to each other, " This is a fine day; let's clean something." Retracing their steps along the promenade, they crossed and recrossed the quaint old bridge across the Reuss River just where it flows into Lake Lucerne, and André wondered at the pictures painted on the inside of the roof, so different from anything in his own country, France. And then they wandered up one street after another, and down and around, until André had seen everything on that side of the river that there was to see — except one. For Elsa had said to Max, " Let's save that loveliest thing of all for another day."

In the afternoon they crossed the river on the old bridge again, and climbed a steep hill to a

great woods, called the *Wald,* dipping down into a hollow almost hidden from the sun. You will be perfectly delighted with the *Wald* when you see it. You will catch your breath and say, "O-o-o-o!" For you have never seen such a woods as that except perhaps in the pictures in Grimm's Fairy Tales. The trees are tremendously tall, and they hold up a high green tent of leaves that lets scarcely a single sunbeam through. It gives you the most fascinatingly creepy feeling you ever had. Here, you feel sure, is where Red Riding Hood met the wolf; and here the three bears went a-walking that time when Goldilocks got into their house and broke a little chair and ate a little bowl of soup. Here must have stood once that house built of sugar cookies that Hans and Gretel found; and here you look along the path ahead of you to see if you can find some of those pebbles that Hop-o'-my-Thumb scattered as he went. And the little men in the Snow White story — look! Don't you see them hiding behind those far-away tree trunks?

Max and Elsa saw those things, you may be sure, just as plainly as we see the White Rabbit pop down the rabbit hole in our woods and the people of Ireland see fairies in theirs. But what did André see? Alas, two years of the War had blotted all the pleasant little elves and fairy

creatures out of the woods for him! Behind those tall trees he saw only guns and bayonets and unfriendly faces. And so he did not skip and dance along and run races through the *Wald* as Max and Elsa did. He walked silently, and was glad when at last they came out of the woods. He was tired too; and so they rode down the hill on a car that was pulled up and down in a way that you probably never saw — not by cable or cogs or electricity or steam, but by the filling and emptying of two great tanks of water. If you can explain this, you are wiser than I.

Once more at home in the little rooms above the shop, Elsa told her mother how well André had gotten along.

"Mother, Mother!" she cried, dancing up and down till her long yellow pigtails flapped about as though they were alive. "Mother, do you know, André did not have to sew one single time! He did not get really gloomy at all!"

André, who was rather ashamed of that sewing, said quickly, "No, of course not! I did not even take it along."

"Well, then, I did!" said Elsa, and drew it out from under her blouse, where she had hung the bag that held it around her neck.

But after that first day, when Aunt Lisbet was busy with the shop and Elsa with the housework, and Max was at Mr. Vogel's store all afternoon,

André again had his times of being gloomy. His aunt and cousins were always on the watch for this when they were with him, and urged him to sew. And soon he came to hate the very word sew. He became restless as well as gloomy, and one day he ran away. It was on a market day, and he was helping to carry baskets. While he was carrying a basket for a woman from stall to stall the woman stopped to chat with a friend.

"Our pear trees are loaded with pears this year," she said, "and my husband had to prop up the branches with poles."

"*Ach,* yes," said the other woman; "it is the same with ours. When the pears are ripe there will be a good smell of pear-butter a-making all over town."

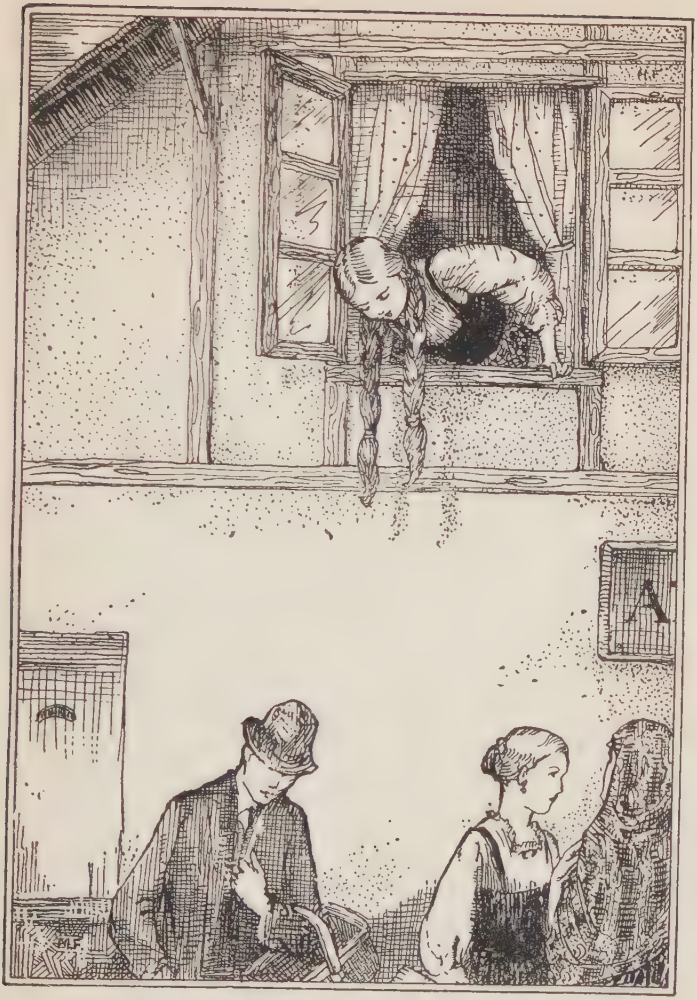
"Yes, and that will be a saving," said the first woman. "When the children have pear-butter on their bread they will not want real butter. And how everything costs since the War!"

That last word struck upon André like a blow. "War!" he said to himself. He felt confused. He looked about him and saw the peaceful market, the clean and orderly streets, the people coming and going in friendly fashion. "War!" he said aloud, and a dark and terrible picture came into his mind. He seemed to see men dying all about him. He seemed to hear the frightful noise of bursting shells. He seemed to see himself —

with his own hands — killing some one! He put the basket quickly down, and to the astonishment of the two women, ran rapidly down the street, holding his hands over his ears to shut out the noise of guns. *War, war, war!* Over and over again the terrible word kept saying itself in his head. And he ran and ran and ran, up one street, down another, along the promenade, and at length over the old bridge and up the hill to the *Wald.*

Elsa had been scouring the saucepans with much vigor that morning, until they seemed to blink in the sunlight. When she had hung the last one on its hook below the kitchen shelf, she went into the front bedroom, where she and her mother slept, and looked out the window, and down upon the busy market scene. Children were running up the one or two steps that led up to the fountain, and were laughing as they splashed the water on each other. They were simply but neatly dressed, these rosy-faced Swiss children. Indeed, if you spent a whole summer hunting all over Lucerne for a child with ragged or dirty clothes, you would not find one. The gun of the soldier at the top of the fountain gleamed in the sun, and the flowers in the big baskets near by glowed like jewels — rubies and sapphires and emeralds.

Where was André? Elsa leaned out the win-



Elsa leaned out the window to try and see him

dow to try and see him until you would have expected to see her come tumbling out. Presently she saw him, and as she looked, she saw him put down the basket and run. In a flash she ran into the boys' room and snatched up André's sewing. She hurried downstairs and told her mother, and then away she went after André as fast as she could go. Up and down she ran, now getting on his trail by meeting some one that had seen him, now losing it again, but never giving up. Elsa was short and chubby, but determined. As long as her breath held out, she told herself, she would hunt for poor André. He might do himself some mischief if he were not soon found.

It was in the wonderful *Wald* that she found him at last. He was sitting upon the ground, leaning against one of those tall tree trunks that have no branches until they have nearly reached the sky. Elsa went quickly and quietly up to André, and sitting down beside him, took his hand in hers. André looked at her with great gloomy eyes.

"There was a war —" he began, but Elsa interrupted him.

"It is over now, André," she said earnestly, "over, over, over!"

André drew his hand from hers. "Don't touch me!" he said. "My hands have killed!"

Elsa reached for the hand he drew away, and

taking it into her own again, kissed it. It was all she could think of to do. Big tears started in André's eyes. Elsa put the bag of sewing into his hand.

"Sew, dear André," she said. And André took the needle and bent his whole mind upon fashioning a pink rose petal with a thread of silk. While he worked, Elsa told him the fascinating tale of William Tell and sang him some songs. When he was entirely calm again she said, "Now, André, I will show you the loveliest thing in Lucerne." They went down the hill, crossed the river, walked the whole length of the promenade, and when they reached the church with two steeples, turned north for a few blocks and came to Lucerne's famous monument. Picture to yourself a steep cliff of gray stone, with trees and grass growing at the top, and green springing here and there on the face of the cliff. Below lies a little pool covered with water lilies, and with tall sedgy grasses about its margin. And on the face of the cliff, carved out of the living stone, a dying lion. It is a monument to the memory of the faithful Swiss Guards who tried to protect a king from a mob, and paid for their faithfulness by losing their lives.

Elsa and André sat on a wooden bench and looked at the Lion of Lucerne, and Elsa said, "This is the finest monument in the world."

"No, it is not," said André firmly.

"Yes, it is," said Elsa, just as firmly.

"I know a finer," said André.

"You couldn't," said Elsa. But André said no more, and soon they went home.

That evening, when André and the two children were in bed and asleep, Aunt Lisbet went down stairs, out the shop door, locking it behind her, and rang the bell of the bookshop next door. Mr. Vogel came to the door and took her back to the little parlor behind the shop, where Mrs. Vogel sat sewing. The three sat down together, and Aunt Lisbet told them all about André.

"I want to get him well, or at least much better, before he goes back to his aunt and uncle in Geneva," said Aunt Lisbet, "and he has only two weeks more to stay here. Tell me what to do, good neighbors, and I will be more grateful than I can possibly say."

"The poor lad," said Mrs. Vogel, "he needs care."

"Not at all," said Mr. Vogel; "he needs work."

"And very tender care," said Mrs. Vogel.

"And very hard work," said Mr. Vogel.

Then they all three laughed, and Aunt Lisbet said, "Well, Mrs. Vogel, since you never were a young man and since your husband was, I think I will take his advice."

"Tut tut!" said Mrs. Vogel. "Doesn't the mother of a lad know better what he needs than the lad himself? I've been the mother of four."

Mr. Vogel put the tips of all his fingers neatly together and looked as wise as a judge. "Hard work in the open air, and plenty of it!" he insisted.

Aunt Lisbet sat still, thinking for a few minutes. "I believe I can manage it," she said presently. "You know that old Johann Meyers who sells me a big basket of carvings for my shop every spring? He has a farm on the south slope of the Rigi. It is hay-cutting time up there now. André could do that, I think, but I do not like to send him alone."

"No need," said Mrs. Vogel. "William will give your Max a holiday for two weeks, and the two lads can go together. Will you not, William?"

"Sure," said Mr. Vogel. "We can get another boy to take his place. If Mr. Meyers has not gotten other boys to help him, he will be glad to have these two. And if he has boys already engaged, then these lads will have had a pleasant lake trip and a fine climb and the best view in the world and no harm done."

"Mr. Vogel," said Aunt Lisbet, "you're a jewel!"

Mr. Vogel blinked, and looked very much like

a ruby. "And, ma'am," he said, "you'd better send 'em off to-morrow morning by early boat. I'll warrant you they'll both come back in fine shape. *Ach,* yes! They will eat like pigs and sleep like dogs!"

Next morning early Aunt Lisbet had André and Max ready to start, even to a good lunch packed in the suit case that held their old clothes and a pair of new overalls for each of them. It was now late in August, and the boat was filled with tourists who were going up on the Rigi. It had been hot in the rest of Europe, where they had been traveling, and now they had come up into Switzerland to cool off before going home. Groups scattered about the deck were talking and laughing, and a crowd of Swiss people, with their alpenstocks in their hands and packs on their backs, were singing Swiss songs in which the chorus was the Swiss yodeling. It was a gay ride. Max went all over the boat, now here, now there, but André sat in the stern, watching the foamy wake behind them. At a little town on the shore at the foot of Rigi every one got off the boat and got on to the cog line that ran to the top. André and Max did not go all the way to the top, however, but got off at one of the stations on the way up. There they made their way on foot around the mountain by a rather rough wagon road. Scattered about on the great hill-

side were little farms, and here and there, long distances apart, small villages. High up above they could see now and then the huge hotel at the top, like an eagle on its nest. And far down below they could see one arm of Lake Lucerne. Twice they crossed a mountain stream running down a deep chasm.

At last they reached the farm of Mr. Meyers. Old Johann himself sat upon the house porch, and Mrs. Meyers, with a tin pail, was just going to milk the cows.

"Hey, who's this? Is that Max Enge that I see?" cried the old man.

"Yes, sir," said Max, "and this is my cousin, André Lennard. We've come to get a job."

"A job, hey?" asked Mr. Meyers. "What kind of a job?"

"Something that will keep us busy, Mother said."

"Oho! Keep you busy, hey?"

"Husband," said Mrs. Meyers, "do you go and milk the cows and I will get dinner, and there will be time enough after that to talk of a job." And then she told the boys to sit and rest upon the porch until dinner was ready.

Down into the two rocking-chairs sank the boys, glad enough to rest after their climb. Looking down over the farm, which lay below them, they could see that the hay had been newly

cut. Up from the valley came the tinkling of far-off cowbells, like a fairy chime. In one place they could see a loop of the cog line, with a car upon it looking no bigger than an ant. Then suddenly a cloud came sweeping over them, enclosing them in a damp fog and blotting out the entire world. And before the cloud had blown away, Mrs. Meyers called them to dinner.

Old Johann, who was fond of young people, was much pleased to have the two boys there. Max had already drawn him aside and asked him not to speak of the War before André, but only with difficulty could he restrain himself from doing so.

"Well, sonny," the old man said to André, "so you're a Frenchman, hey? And you were in the War —"

Max gave Mr. Meyers a kick under the table and a warning look.

"Hey, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Meyers.

"Sh-sh-sh!" said Max anxiously. Old Johann did not understand, but Mrs. Meyers did, and she took André to the kitchen with her to help with the dishes. Then Max told Mr. Meyers all about André.

"Well, well, well, we must cure that boy," said Old Johann.

"My mother thought a good stiff job would do him good," said Max.

"And wouldn't hurt you any, either, hey? Well now, can you make haystacks in a pasture that slants like a toboggan slide?"

"Sure!" said Max boldly. "I don't mind if the ground slants. I guess I can keep myself level."

Mr. Meyers' eyes were twinkling. "We'll see, we'll see!" he said. "And now, to bed! I shall get you up early in the morning!"

Next morning it was scarcely light when Mr. Meyers called the boys, and when they came down into the kitchen in their new overalls, Mr. Meyers looked at them and laughed.

"Well, well, two fresh pretty flowers!" he exclaimed.

Max did not mind this at all. He even laughed with Mr. Meyers. But André was angry. "Sir," he said in a loud tone, "I am no flower! I have been in the War —" and then his voice failed and his face grew very melancholy. Without any warning Mr. Meyers' arm shot out and struck André a sharp blow upon the shoulder.

"Be a man!" cried the old man sternly. "Be a man!"

André's face grew crimson. He drew himself up and said firmly, "I'll show you, sir, whether I am a man or no!"

And he did. He worked that day like two men. All day long the boys piled the new-cut

hay into stacks, until they felt as though their arms were being pulled from their sockets. And they had no level meadows to work in, where, if you tossed up a pitchfork full of hay you knew pretty well where it would come down. They worked on a meadow in which one end was struggling up towards the top of Rigi and the other end was hanging out over empty space; and if you lost your footing you would fall a mile or two. When we read Mark Twain's old joke about farmers in Switzerland falling off their farms, we think it is a joke — until we have been there! It was not so bad when the sun was shining, but when a cloud wrapped itself around the mountain and the boys were working in a thick wet fog, it was no easy matter.

The next day and the next they worked upon the hay, and when that job was done Mr. Meyers set them to chopping wood. You may be sure the boys slept like logs at night and ate like Kansas grasshoppers three times a day. Only once again did André become gloomy, and again Mr. Meyers struck him sharply and said, "Be a man!" And again André's face became crimson, but this time he said, "Thank you, sir!" And when that happened Mr. Meyers wrote a very short post-card message to Aunt Lisbet, which Max carried to the cog-line station to be posted in the valley. It merely said, "Your

young man is improving. Hard knocks does it." And Aunt Lisbet didn't notice the bad grammar because of the good news.

By this time the new overalls were anything but new. Mrs. Meyers had to patch them up more than once, and the day the boys cleaned the cow stable she built a fire outdoors, set a clothes boiler over it on an iron grating, and washed the overalls as soon as the stable cleaning was done. Next morning when they appeared in the clean overalls Old Johann cried, "Hey, my sweet-smelling flowers!" And will you believe it, André laughed. When I tell you that André had not laughed for several years, you will understand that it meant something.

That morning the boys piled all the wood they had chopped neatly against the outside of the cow stable, as that would help to keep the cold winds of winter from blowing in through the chinks of the stable wall. Old Johann had two horses, and a stable for them at the back of the house, but he had just now lent his horses to one of his sons down in the valley. Old Johann told the boys to get some hay from one of the haystacks, and he would make a little thatched roof over the wood they had piled along the cow-stable wall. The boys went down to the last stack they had piled, which was just a low one. Max, full of spirits, ran to jump over the little

stack. Alas, he had left the pitchfork lying on the other side of the stack, and now, poor chap, he paid for his carelessness. When he went flying over the stack and came down on the other side, one of the prongs of the pitchfork pierced through the calf of his left leg.

André helped him to the house, and Mrs. Meyers brought warm water and clean pieces of muslin, and washed the wound and bound it up. But the blood continued to flow, and do all they could, they could not stop it. Max grew very pale, and they were all very anxious. André twisted the bandage tight with a stick pushed under it, like a tourniquet, as he had often seen it done for a wounded soldier on a battle-field. But even so, the blood continued to ooze out from under the bandage. What could they do? The nearest doctor was up at the big hotel on the top of Rigi. The last morning cog-line car had just gone up. The next would not go up till two in the afternoon. But there was a trail that went up very steeply, only a mile away from the Meyers' farm. They could make it up that way in two hours, perhaps a little less. That would save a full hour. They decided to try. With a strong new sheet torn in strips they bound Max to André's shoulders, bringing his legs around André's waist, and supporting the injured leg in a sling. And in all this it was André, not Mr. Meyers,

who gave orders how it should be done, and worked himself with quick and skilful fingers. His face was grave, to be sure, but it was also full of eagerness. This was not the André who had to be told to sew. This was a man, ready and eager to do a difficult job.

So they started up the trail, André with Max on his back taking the lead, Old Johann close behind, offering what help he could, keeping up the courage of them all. It was a steep trail, but not such a bad one, after all. Long ago it had been used by tourists before there had been any cog line, and even now frequently a group of Swiss boys and men climbed up that way on a moonlight night, taking all night from the valley below to the top, to see the sun rise over one of the finest scenes in Switzerland. But it was a hard climb to one not used to it, and with a boy on his back. By great good fortune there was no fog, as the day was cloudless. At every level place they rested, but only long enough to get their breath for the next pull. André had the feeling that his heart would surely burst, and the sweat poured down his face. Old Johann had to tie a handkerchief around André's forehead to keep the sweat from blinding him. Max, meanwhile, had become unconscious. The minutes seemed like hours. But at last, and just inside of two hours, they made the last climb and stood

upon the level ground before the hotel. Here willing hands took Max from André's back, and carried him to the doctor, while André and Old Johann threw themselves at full length upon the ground, completely exhausted. André fell into a deep sleep, from which he was at last awakened by the doctor's hand upon his shoulder.

"Well, young man," said the doctor, "the lad is all right now. You have saved his life."

"You say you've saved his life?" asked André, feeling a little dizzy.

"No, I say *you* have saved his life!"

"Me! No!" said André. He held up his two hands. "Look, Doctor; all these hands can do is kill."

In a twinkling the doctor understood. He too had been in the War. He had seen many a fine young man ruined by shell shock.

"Take another look at those hands of yours," he said. "They have saved a life this day. That tourniquet that you twisted was well done. The hour or more you saved by coming up the trail — that was well done too. Why not be a doctor and save more lives?"

André could not speak. He looked at his two hands. They had saved a life! They had saved Max! The weight that had been on André's heart these weary years was suddenly gone. It was as though he had been wrapped about by one

of those mountain fogs, which had at last blown away and left him standing in the sunlight. He leaped to his feet and saluted the doctor in soldier fashion.

"Thank you, sir! I'll do it, sir!" he said.

A week from that day André and Max were home again at Lucerne, and there both Aunt Lisbet and Elsa kissed André's life-giving hands. Two days more and he was back in Geneva, so changed for the better that Uncle Marcel and Aunt Julie were delighted.

"I scarcely know you, André," said Uncle Marcel.

"I scarcely know myself," said André. "But I do know, Uncle, that I want to be a doctor, like you."

"You shall!" said Uncle Marcel.

That night the full moon shone down upon Lake Geneva and the city, covering everything with its silvery light. Before he went to bed that night André went out alone. And first he stood upon the bridge and watched the Rhone River pour out from beneath it. He would pour out his life like that, he thought, in saving life. And then he hurried along, so eager was he to see it again, until he stood before that great Monument of the Reformation. He raised his right hand in a soldier's salute to the four great figures that stood high before him — figures of

men who had spent all their thoughts upon making, not life easier, but men better. And then he read the three Latin words that ran from end to end of the great stone wall:

POST TENEBRAS LUX

IX

A LIVELY DAY IN LOVELY SICILY

Suppose you lived in the little Town of Taormina, Sicily; a little town that clings to a rocky hillside above the blue Ionian Sea, with its one chief street curving around the hill for a mile or so like a white ribbon against the green. Suppose it was April, with all the sloping meadows a mass of flowers and the almond orchards in glorious pink bloom. You would not mind that? No, of course not; but suppose that every morning at five o'clock you had to crawl down hill to a tiny pasture, loosen the rope that tied a white-faced, cross-looking black goat to a stake, drag her up to the Street, her little black kid skipping along behind, and there milk Old Beauty at the door of every house where milk was wanted. You wouldn't like that at all! No, not even if you could look at the most beautiful view in the whole world, with the sea at your feet and Mount Ætna's snow-covered peak high against the sky some thirty miles away. No, you really wouldn't like it, and yet that is what Orfeo, a boy your age, did every morning, and faithfully, though much against his will.

There are two Mountains in Europe that always wear feathers in their caps, feathers of curling smoke. The feather in the cap of Mount Vesuvius is usually dark, but Ætna, down in sunny Sicily, mostly wears a gray feather in the morning when Orfeo is scrambling up to the Street with Old Beauty, and a white one for afternoons to match the cap of snow from which it floats. You might say, if you choose, that the great volcano itself is the feathered cap that Sicily wears so jauntily over her right ear.

When Orfeo started on his rounds to deliver milk, you would find Taormina not yet quite wide awake. But by the time he had gone along the Street from one end to the other, and had stopped to rest and have a drink at the fountain just outside the old walls that once surrounded the town, everything was in full swing. The sun was up, the shops were spilling their goods out upon the lava paving stones, girls were carrying on their heads baskets of bread from the bakeshop, tourists were starting out from the hotels on sightseeing trips, artists were stepping along briskly with their paints and brushes, donkeys with laden baskets were trotting here and there, little flocks of sheep and goats were being led through the town by their youthful shepherds, and watercarts were being filled at the fountain. At nearly every doorway sat grandmothers spinning, while

distracted little girls were trying to do three things at once — knit stockings with their deft hands; watch baby brothers and sisters with their sharp eyes, and chatter to each other with the liveliest tongues that ever were. And of these distracted little girls one was Orfeo's sister Maddalena, and of the baby brothers one was that terrible brother of Orfeo's, that frightful little nuisance, Gogo.

Gogo's real name was Giorgio, but nobody called him that. He was rapidly forging ahead towards his fifth birthday. And with all the other things that went up and down the Street, there was always Gogo. You couldn't get rid of him. His beautiful little dirty face was in the thick of every group, of every quarrel, of every excitement, of every accident. A donkey that was peaceable enough when let alone had knocked out two of Gogo's front teeth with a blow of its hoof when Gogo had hung onto its tail. One of the thousand and one cats that yowl up and down the Street and in the alleys and lanes that run steeply and crookedly up or down, had scratched one of his round cheeks from forehead to chin. Gogo didn't mind trifles like these, but there was something he minded terribly. Gogo, you understand, felt himself to be quite a man. But Gogo's one and only garment was a red petticoat, attached to a blue waist, that had

once been Maddalena's. You can picture to yourself how Gogo would hate such a costume as that.

Never was there such a lovely morning in Taormina as that mid-April morning when Orfeo and Old Beauty in their rounds reached the Hotel Timeo just as a young American artist, who had arrived the night before, started out, fresh and jaunty, with his folding easel and camp stool and brushes and paints determined to lose no time in finding the best possible view for a picture. He came out upon the Street, looking first one way and then another, sniffing the fragrance of the flowery terraces in the Hotel garden, and gazing down at the dazzling sea far below. Then, following upward with his eye the long slopes of Mount Ætna, he caught his breath over the beauty of that dazzling snow-capped peak with its floating feather of smoke.

John Ranney had come all the way from his home in America to spend a winter in Paris at the art schools there. And he had worked so hard and so faithfully there, and done so well, that his father had sent him the money to spend the summer, too, in Europe. John wrote back to "the best dad ever" and thanked him joyfully. Then he packed his things and came down into lovely Sicily at the time of year when she is loveliest, determined to carry home at least one

good picture, if not a "masterpiece," of the place. And now that he saw Ætna, he knew he would gladly spend the whole summer upon a picture of this terrible and glorious mountain.

As he walked out into the Street, breathing the spring air with delight, there was Orfeo with Old Beauty and the little black kid with its frisking legs and its absurd little inch or two of tail — hardly enough to wag. Half a block away came Maddalena, "heeling" her stocking, the knitting needles flashing in the sun, and behind her Gogo in his red petticoat, wriggling his bare toes in the dust and not knowing just what to do with himself. The Street was beginning to hum with life, and there were chattering and quarrelling and bleating and braying and buying and selling, and nobody looking at Ætna except John Ranney. And John Ranney was looking at Ætna so hard, and with so much of awe and delight, that when Old Beauty tried to butt her little black kid out of her way and butted John instead, while the little kid ran between his feet to get out of the way, between the two of them John was tripped up and fell sprawling upon the ground.

Away went all his precious belongings, scattered to the four winds. And the four winds carried the news in a twinkling, so that out of all those steep and crooked lanes and alleys the chil-

dren of Taormina, ragged, barefooted, eager, joyous, swarmed to have a part in the excitement. When they saw the easel, the stool, the palette, the brushes, the little tubes of paint that had fallen from their box — well, what would you expect? These were children who had almost no belongings of their own. Their interest and curiosity were aroused, especially by those fascinating tubes of paint. They fell upon the things and grabbed them up, and disappeared quickly into their various alleys to examine their treasures. Cobalt Blue went one way, Rose Madder another. Crimson Lake and Burnt Sienna and Chrome Yellow and Orange and Neutral and many others were scattered impartially over Taormina. Such excitement! Every storekeeper stood at his shop door shouting and gesticulating; every grandmother left her spinning and came out into the open air. Every little girl dropped a stitch. Maddalena dropped two. And then suddenly Taormina's Policeman appeared, in his fine uniform. And then by magic the Street cleared. Nobody was there! Or almost nobody. John Ranney was there, stunned by his loss; Orfeo and the goat were there; the Policeman was there (he gets a capital to his name because of his fine uniform) making gestures of despair; and Maddalena was there with her mouth wide open and her finger pointing at

Gogo. And Gogo was making his escape as fast as he possibly could and the easel with him. It was not spread out, as you see it in pictures; it was all neatly folded together, like the tripod of a camera. It was not much bigger than a heavy cane, and Gogo was riding it as one would a horse, with its pointed ends dragging along behind him. You would have been reminded at once of Young Lochinvar getting back into the west, whence he came, upon that famous steed of his.

Well, here was the Policeman talking and Orfeo talking and Maddalena talking, all at once, and John Ranney not understanding a single word of it. John Ranney could say off very glibly the first few lines of Homer and the first few lines of Virgil, and he could ask for soap or stamps in a French shop, and could say "Pardon me!" in Italian. But to understand three people of Taormina when they all spoke at once and waved their arms, that was quite beyond him. But by good fortune a shopkeeper who could speak a little English came up to them, and through him they were able to understand each other.

"Sir," said the Policeman, "if I could catch those children that took your things I would put them at once into prison!"

"But I don't want any children put into

prison," said John. "All I want is my belongings. Catch the children and make them give up my things; that's what I want!"

"Catch those children!" cried the Policeman. "Why, sir, those children of Taormina run like hares and climb like goats! Nobody could catch them!" His face beamed with pride at the swiftness of his young fellow-citizens. Out of the corner of his eye he could see three of them scrambling up the steep hill back of Taormina that led up to Mola, a tiny town perched there like a stork's nest on a German chimney.

But Maddalena had an idea. Trust Maddalena for that! "Prison will do no good," she said. "But if Mr. Americano will give me a large handful of pennies I will get back for him the little silver bottles that were spilled, and the other things." Her eyes looked as round and as wise as an owl's, and her head nodded briskly.

"But if I send my pennies after my paints, I may lose them too," objected John.

"Sir!" cried the Policeman in an outraged tone, "Maddalena is honest! All the children of Taormina are honest!"

John Ranney laughed up his sleeve, as we say in our country, and gave Maddalena a handful of soldi. Maddalena turned to Orfeo and told him he had better go and catch Gogo before

Gogo broke either the easel or his own bones, and stuffing her knitting into the bag that hung on her arm, dived down into what we would call a narrow slit between two houses, and was gone on her errand. But Orfeo could not go chasing after Gogo because first he had to take Old Beauty back to her pasture and tie her to the stake, and then he had to carry two large baskets down to the shore and meet his father coming in from the fishing with his boat full of the slippery silver cargo. And after that he must carry one of the baskets of fish, his father carrying the other, to be sold at the hotels and at the big villas set amidst lovely gardens. He had no time to waste on that terrible Gogo, not he!

And so, if John Ranney wanted his easel, he must go after it himself. The Policeman having nothing else to do, and the shopman having no customers, both started off with him. Gogo's red petticoat was just whisking around the end of the street towards the ancient theater, that had stood there on the hillside for five times as many centuries as Gogo had years. The Greeks had built it there of marble and stone so long ago that by the time the Romans came along they had to patch it up, which they did with brick. John and the Policeman and the shopkeeper looked into every nook and cranny of it, outside and in, but saw no sign of Gogo. You would not

think, if you did not know Gogo, that a little chap not yet quite five could dodge and double and run and hide so quickly and so well. Before long the shopkeeper remembered his store and the Policeman his "beat," and left John alone to continue the hunt. And John sat down on one of the stone seats where people had sat to listen to the words of one of the greatest Greek writers of plays, and forgot all about Gogo in the glory of that wonderful view all about him. We may even doubt if he knew when the Policeman and the shopkeeper left him. Through the arches back of the ancient stage he could see the deep blue sea with a crisp edge of white foam along the curving yellow sands, and high in the sky great Ætna's peak. The volcano was peaceful enough now, but he could see the dark streaks down the mountain's slopes that were now dead lava, but which had once been hot and fluid, flowing down over vineyards and villages and destroying them.

When at last the young artist's hunger reminded him of the time it was high noon. He hurried back to his lunch at the Timeo, and there in the middle of the Street were Orfeo and Maddalena waiting for him, carrying in their arms his precious belongings — the paints, the brushes, the blocks of drawing paper, the palette, the camp stool. John Ranney was delighted to see

them again. He looked over the paints. One tube was missing.

"Where is my Crimson Lake?" he asked. The two children looked at him without understanding. Then, one on each side of him, they dragged him over to the nearest shop, where our friend the shopman stood in the midst of all sorts of things that tourists like to buy, pottery and jewelry, laces, silks, and pieces of lava fashioned into all sorts of useless objects. And again the shopkeeper kindly acted as an interpreter.

John Ranney repeated his question. "Where is my Crimson Lake?"

Maddalena burst into speech so rapid that the shopkeeper himself could scarcely keep up with her. "Ahi!" she said in her shrill little voice, looking straight at John. "Me, I have worked myself to death! I have run miles and miles after those children! Into every home I have been, and the Americano will see that in some cases the little silver bottles were tasted of before I could buy them back. Annina will be ill to-night, and Pietro and Beppo also. They have all tasted of the little silver bottles. Their mothers are in a great rage, and they are supperless in bed already, but each has his soldo in his mouth, for safety, and dares not cry. The brushes I could hardly buy back. They were much prized. Oh, much! Marda and Alessan-

dro had made pictures with them upon the wall, dipping them into I know not what, but very sticky. And I had to climb up to Mola, which is very near heaven, I do assure the Americano! I scratched my knees — see! — on the rocks in the steep places. Three there were that went up there to hide, and one had the paper, and one had a brush. But Cecco had a little silver bottle, and inside was the most glorious red color, like the sunset. And Cecco would not give it up. Here is the soldo he would not take for it, and the remaining three I shall keep for my trouble." Maddalena handed John Ranney a soldo, put the remaining three into her knitting bag, and drew a long breath for her last word. "And now, sir, you have your little bottles and your brushes. *But where is our Gogo?*"

"That is what I would like to know myself," said John Ranney. "Not that I care about your Gogo, but I want my easel."

Maddalena began to jump up and down in the road. "My mother, she rages for Gogo!" she cried. "He is lost!"

"But I didn't lose him," said John Ranney.

"Ah-h-h-h-h, yes, you did; you chased him!" said Maddalena.

"Ah-h-h-h-h, you chased him!" said Orfeo.

"Yes," said the shopkeeper, "you chased him!"

John Ranney, remembering how that little figure in the red petticoat went riding swiftly off on his easel and how he had given chase, gave a great laugh. Would these people never let him alone? Would they put him into the prison if he did not find Gogo? He wondered what kind of a prison Taormina had, and whether you could see Mount Ætna through its barred windows. As he stood there laughing, half angry, half amused, the sun went under a cloud and the wind blew cold.

" Very well, I'll find him, if he is to be found," he said, and went into the Hotel. There he put away his recovered treasures and started out to find Gogo. Colder and colder blew the wind, and a chilly mist blotted out the sea and pushed its damp white fingers up into the many little valleys between the hills. This, even if nothing else had happened, would spoil the afternoon for sketching or painting. He might just as well hunt for this terrible little nuisance of a . . . Dago, was it? No, Gogo. He went first to the old Theatre to pick up, if possible, the little chap's trail. But no trace of small departing footprints, or of the dragging end of the easel, could be found anywhere. The custodian of the Theatre declared he had not seen Gogo at all, but advised John to go down to the little town of Giardini, at the foot of the hill. The railway

that came up the coast from Catania went through Giardini, and there was a station there. John Ranney took the short, steep cut down to Giardini and asked the station master, who knew a little of all the languages you could name on five fingers, whether he had seen a small boy in a red petticoat and riding a big stick. The station master said he remembered seeing a little red something disappearing up along the small river that ran through the town. So John pushed up the valley which ran up and up where the river ran down, on the south side of the hill where Taormina stood. The valley was filled with the soft white fog from the sea, but it was also filled with the sweet fragrance of many spring flowers. There were windings and twistings of the stream, with little waterfalls here and there, and on both sides the rocky walls of the hills. John felt now that Gogo was taking a roundabout way to Mola, that stork's nest of a little place on the heights behind Taormina. But he did not think that a baby of five could possibly make it. Baby, indeed! Even while John was thinking this, Gogo was thinking of the day when he would be able to discard that hated petticoat and have a pair of trousers like a man. For more days than he could count he had kept one eye on his father's trousers and one eye on Orfeo's. If Orfeo's gave out completely — and they looked as though

they would at any moment — then Orfeo would have to have Father's cut down for him. Then Father would have to buy himself a pair at Antonio's shop near the Cathedral, or he might go down to Catania, on the railroad, and get himself a pair at the great Rag Fair that was held there once a year. And then — O glory! — Mother would make over Orfeo's trousers for him! In spite of his weariness, the very thought made him strut along, chest out. But after all, too, he was only a baby, for he suddenly looked down at the heavy stick he was carrying and wondered why he was running off with it. Why did he want it? He didn't want it! It was heavy. He threw it away. And then suddenly he was dreadfully tired and wanted to go home. "Mother! Mother!" he cried. It is for Mother we all call when we are tired and far from home, in no matter what language we speak.

John Ranney, coming along behind Gogo, and gradually overtaking him, presently stumbled over his easel, and picked it up with an exclamation of delight. He was not only glad to get the easel, but glad that he was on Gogo's tracks. About a mile further along he began to hear a pitiful sobbing ahead of him. The fog was thinner now, as he got further away from the sea and higher up, and before long he caught sight of the runaway. Gogo had traveled some five

miles by this time, and the world no longer seemed to him a pleasant place to live in. He was actually glad to see the big Americano whose stick he had run away with. And when the big Americano stooped to get down to Gogo's tiny level, Gogo smiled through the tears and dirt upon his face. John Ranney took out his pocket handkerchief and wiped away all of the tears and some of the dirt. He had thought he was going to spank Gogo when he had found him, for all the trouble he had made. A spanking is something that can be easily understood, no matter what language you speak. But now, oddly enough, he had no desire to do so. He took Gogo by the hand and they walked along together as peaceably as you please.

John Ranney, having come to Taormina only the evening before, did not know exactly where he was. He knew that Taormina was up on the hill to his right, and he walked along searching for a place that would not be too difficult to climb, now that he had Gogo to help also. But he went some distance beyond Taormina, and when he did climb up a long spur of the hill, he was up on the height where Mola stood. As they reached that quaint little handful of houses, the clouds broke, the sun shone, the fog had disappeared. Gogo turned and pointed with both forefingers.

"Ætna!" he said.

It was a wonderful sight that lay around and below them. The sun was close to its setting, and would go down almost directly behind Ætna's cone. Already the cap of snow with its floating feather of smoke was turning to a rosy color. The sea, clear and smiling, was of a serene, bright blue. Far down the hills were pink patches where almond orchards were abloom, sheets of silver where olive orchards were full-leaved, and pools of deepest green where orange and lemon orchards lay. Taormina, a thousand feet below them, was just a little huddle of warm gray-brown roofs, and the twisting road was a white snake in the green grass and foliage. Here and there were fields of newly-springing wheat and mustard that would be glorious patches of yellow by midsummer. And here and there were groves of glossy chestnut trees further up the slopes. John's eye gave a long sweep from Ætna's rosy cone down to the sea. "Crimson Lake and Cobalt Blue," he said to himself, and at once remembered what Maddalena had said about the fate of his tube of Crimson Lake. Seizing Gogo and swinging him up onto his shoulder, he made haste to reach the old arched gateway of Mola. Inside they went to the piazza, where girls were drawing water for the evening meal at the big fountain in the cen-

ter. A fountain anywhere in Italy is a great gossiping place, and there John went to see if he could get news of that boy Cecco. And believe it or not, as you like, but there on the marble brim of the fountain's big basin sat Cecco himself with a smear of Crimson Lake across his cheek. Cecco had thought he wouldn't venture down to Taormina until evening, and now the terrible Americano had climbed up to Mola after him! Putting a hand into his ragged pocket, he drew out the battered tube of Crimson Lake, threw it towards the Americano, and dived down into the water in the broad basin of the fountain. Oh, well, he needed a bath, anyway. Let us leave him there to have a good soaking!

There is only one more scene in our story, and that took place that evening, after John had given Gogo such a good dinner at a café that his little skin was uncomfortably tight and his heart most comfortably happy. After that Gogo led John along the Street and out of one of the gates of the town and up along the great old wall to the row of houses that have fastened themselves to the ancient stones of the wall like barnacles upon a ship's hull. Into one of the dark doorways Gogo dived, and John after him. And there sat Gogo's father and mother, and Orfeo and Maddalena, and a big sister, Assunta, who was a little kitchen maid at one of the hotels, and who

could speak a little English. And how they all "raged" over Gogo! He had become, we know not why, a hero. He was passed from lap to lap like something precious. His tight skin and his swelling heart were almost too much for him, and he very nearly burst into tears. The family, one and all, thanked John with many a "*Grazie!*" and then they all sat silent, looking at John with owl-eyes, as if they were waiting for something. John felt uneasy, because he did not know what they were waiting for. And then, perhaps because he had once been a small boy himself, a brilliant idea came to him.

"I wish to give Gogo a present," he said, and when Assunta translated this to the family, there was a sigh of relief all around, including Gogo himself.

"What does the Americano wish to give to our little Giorgio?" asked Assunta. Gogo sat up straight on his mother's lap, stiff with pride on hearing himself called by his best, Sunday-go-to-meeting name.

John looked at Gogo. He thought, of course, of a pocket knife first, but there was no pocket in the red petticoat. There were only holes there. A place to put a knife would be better than a knife.

"I wish to give him a pair of trousers," said John. When Assunta told the family this they

smiled delightedly at John, and Gogo's eyes grew bigger than ever. Then suddenly Orfeo had something to say.

"Sister," he said to Assunta, "tell the Americano that if he will give the trousers to me, I will give Gogo mine, and he will get the new pair when I have outgrown them."

Then up jumped the mother and took hold of Assunta and said, "No, no! Do not say such a thing to the Americano! Say to him that he should buy your father the new trousers, and when he, and then Orfeo, are done with them, then I will cut them down for Giorgio. Tell the Americano that trousers can be cut downwards but they cannot be cut upwards!"

Gogo burst into a great roar of weeping, and running to his mother, began to beat upon her knees with his absurd little fists. Orfeo and his father were all for Mother's plan, but Assunta and Maddalena were strong for Gogo. The place was in an uproar, everybody talking at once. And then John Ranney laughed a big American laugh, and everybody became silent. John began edging towards the door.

"Cheer up, old man!" he said to Gogo, and then, as he reached the door and was going out, he shouted to Assunta in a voice that filled the room, "NOTHING DOING! GOGO GETS THE NEW TROUSERS!"

X

THE BEACON

I

This world is very old. Many of its oldest ways and customs have become almost forgotten; some have been changed with time; and some are still in existence. In the days of the Ancient Greeks messages were sent, or victories announced, or people warned that the enemy was approaching, by fire.

There is that thrilling story of the way in which the people at King Agamemnon's palace were told that the City of Troy, which had been besieged for ten years, had at last fallen. The message was sent, not by radio or wireless or cable or telegraph wires, but by fire — by great beacons of flame. For years the fagots and logs had been piled in readiness in various places, and when Troy was taken the first beacon, on the shore near Troy, was lit. Those on the island of Tenedos, out in the Ægean Sea, saw it and lit their beacon, another roaring red flame. Those on Mount Athos, across the sea, always on the lookout, saw the second beacon and lit their own,

the third. And so before the day dawned, those in the palace of King Agamemnon heard the news — or perhaps we should say, saw it.

That was many centuries ago. But just a few years ago, so few that you can count them on the fingers of one hand, one single terrible fiery beacon burned on the shores of Asia, not far south of where ancient Troy probably stood. But this was not a fire fed by fagots and logs, but by the homes and churches and schools and market places of a big city. Smyrna was burning! The enemy had come. And every cable and wire the world over carried the news around the earth.

Smyrna lies almost directly across the Ægean Sea from Athens, not two hundred miles away. The city is set at the end of a deep bay, and lies upon a hill that rises up from the water's edge. At the top of the hill an ancient ruined temple stands; and if you stood beside it and looked west across the island-dotted blue Ægean, you would be looking towards Greece, of which country Athens is the capital. If you turned eastward, you would be looking out over a vast plateau, high and stony, fringed with mountains, with valleys and rivers and lakes making green places in the midst of so much yellow sandy earth and gray rocks.

A few years ago Smyrna was a busy city, bustling with the coming and going of traders,

some arriving in ships, others by camel caravans across deserts, still others following the water courses with hardy mules or small, sure-footed horses. And all these were bringing into Smyrna such things as rugs and carpets, beautiful walnut wood, olive oil, sponges, figs, raisins, dates, and spices of all kinds. Vessels from all over the world lay in the harbor, and some of these were merchant ships that loaded up the products of the East and took them westward. All sorts of people lived in Smyrna, not always friendly with each other. Many were Greeks, and the peace treaties after the Great War had put Smyrna under the care of Greece.

On the outskirts of the city Old Dimitri kept an inn. Many years he had kept this inn, and many caravans laden with costly Turkish rugs had come to the inn and stopped there while the master of the caravan had sold his rugs in the city. Old Dimitri's daughter Amara and her two sons, Basil and young Dimitri, lived there, and upon Amara's shoulders fell much of the work of the inn. Basil was a big strong lad of sixteen. Every day he tended Old Dimitri's flock of sheep, taking them some miles away to a green pasture on the stony hills, where a little stream of water ran down to a lake far south. Sometimes young Dimitri, who was twelve, was allowed to go with his brother to the pasture, and

these were the happiest days of Dimitri's life. Driving the flock of sheep, they went eastward until the land dipped down into a narrow valley where a brook ran southward; there they turned north, following the brook up towards its source. The sheep knew the way very well, and their little tapping hooves got over the hilly ground as nimbly as though they were goats. High up they came to two small springs in a meadow of coarse green grass. Here in the springtime flowers were sprinkled as thickly as the stars in the night sky. Surrounding the meadow were walnut and mulberry trees. Other young shepherds on these hills envied Basil this pleasant spot for pasturing his sheep and tried sometimes to get possession of it. But Basil was always successful in driving another shepherd off, either with his fists, or by throwing stones at him, of which he kept a pile ready at hand. In the end the other lad usually went off peaceably enough, merely calling Basil names, such as "goat-faced, camel-humped good for nothing!" and whistling cheerfully as he went off in search of another pasture.

Basil and Dimitri usually settled themselves down in a cool spot under a mulberry tree, while the sheep browsed contentedly about them, nipping occasionally at a cloud of gnats that floated in the warm air. Sometimes Basil would tell Dimitri stories he had heard of foreign lands.

Sometimes they would talk of their Uncle Basil who had gone to America, and had a little fruit store in a big city called Chicago. They wondered about this big city, which they called " Chicag," but they could not imagine how it looked. Uncle Basil had written once that some of the buildings there were many times higher than the highest building in Smyrna; but this the boys could hardly believe. They thought Uncle Basil must be either exaggerating or joking. In this letter Uncle Basil had enclosed a tiny American flag, made of silk, and Grandfather had given it to Dimitri, who kept it always in the pocket of his sheepskin coat.

Sometimes Basil would take his shepherd's pipe from his pocket and play a few tunes. Lonely sounding tunes they were, which he had made up himself on those long days alone with the sheep. And sometimes they amused themselves by building a shepherd's hut of stones, roofing it over with thick, dark pine branches; or they hunted for the honeycomb of the wild bees amidst the sun-warmed rocks. At noon they ate the round, flat loaf of bread and the goat's cheese and dates which their mother had wrapped in a package for them, and drank the clear, cool water of the springs.

When evening came, and stars began to sprinkle the velvety blue sky, they started home,

and sometimes upon reaching the inn found that a caravan had arrived. Their mother would be busy over the great pot of rice in the kitchen, while Old Dimitri, sitting outside the kitchen door, would be roasting a whole sheep over a tin trough filled with glowing charcoal, turning the spit steadily to brown the sheep on all sides.

It was because of the caravans from the east, stopping at the inn, that Dimitri could not always accompany Basil to the pasture, but must stay at home and make himself useful. There were many things he could do to help, from scrubbing the stone floor of the kitchen and spreading mattresses on the floor in the great sleeping room, to fetching water from the well, or going down to the city shops on errands. These shops, often in little narrow streets, were bright with silks and embroideries and beadwork, or many-colored rugs; or, near the market, with vivid red tomatoes, purple plums, strings of onions like huge pearls, bags of sesame seed, and bunches of reddish-yellow licorice root. Everywhere barefooted children ran about, and it was a daily marvel that they were not run over and injured by the camels that were often driven down to the shop where the master of the caravan wished to barter his wares. To see a camel coming down a narrow street, pad-padding with its broad feet, its nose held scornfully high, its eyes staring,

must be as terrifying to Smyrna children as a fire-engine going full speed and with clanging gong is to us. And the Smyrna children have no sidewalk to escape to in some of their narrow streets. As you watch them, they seem to melt into the walls of the houses on each side.

When this story begins there had been war for some time between the Greeks and the Turks, and the country everywhere was troubled by soldiers. Closer and closer, all summer, the enemy was approaching Smyrna, and there was not a day when there were not skirmishes here and there and anxiety everywhere. When a town was about to fall into the hands of the enemy, the inhabitants fled to Smyrna, or across the sea to Athens if they possibly could. Athens was the mother-country of the Greeks in Smyrna. So the summer went by. No Greek who lived in the country about Smyrna felt safe. None went to sleep at night with an easy mind.

One evening in early September a dark-skinned stranger came to Old Dimitri's inn with two camels but no camel boy. The boy, it seems, had fallen ill a day's journey back, and had to be left behind. Dimitri, much against his will, had to help with the camels. Old Dimitri laughed at him.

"Afraid of camels?" he asked. "A great boy like you?"

"No, Grandfather," said Dimitri, "but they take away my appetite. When they look at me with those eyes, I cannot eat." Nevertheless, he watered and fed the two great creatures faithfully. The dark-faced traveler, whose name was Kadir, sitting over his roast mutton and rice and thick black coffee, said to Amara, "I need a camel driver. I will buy yonder boy."

"My boy is not for sale!" said Amara angrily.

Kadir shrugged his shoulders, said, "So be it!" and went on with his dinner. Next day he was gone all day, bartering in the shops for his spices and perfumes and licorice root. In the evening, as he sat over his supper at the inn, he said, this time to Old Dimitri, "I need a camel driver. I will buy that boy yonder for a good price."

Old Dimitri was even angrier than Amara had been, and hobbling towards Kadir, threatened him with a heavy shepherd's staff. Kadir paid no attention. He merely shrugged his shoulders, said, "So be it!" as before, and calmly smoked his pipe with its tiny bowl and yard-long stem.

That evening Amara sat with Dimitri beside her on a long bench set against the house wall just outside the wide kitchen door. Amara was thin and bent by much hard work, although she was still a young woman, but to Dimitri she was beautiful; he loved her dearly. Before them on

the flagstone walk a Persian kitten was going round and round in a ring, chasing its tail. Not being able to catch up with its tail in that way, it turned around and chased it in the opposite direction. Dimitri laughed at the little creature's funny antics, but Amara, who often at this peaceful evening hour dropped a word or two of wise counsel into Dimitri's ear, said gravely, "My son, life is a very uncertain thing. If a man is uncertain also, he will make no more progress than Gata there, chasing her tail." Dimitri lifted little yellow Gata to his lap and rubbed her long silky fur. He made no reply to his mother — he was a boy of very few words — but his mother knew he was thinking of what she had said. The night grew cool. Presently Amara went indoors, and Dimitri, folding the kitten under his coat, lay down upon the bench, and fell asleep.

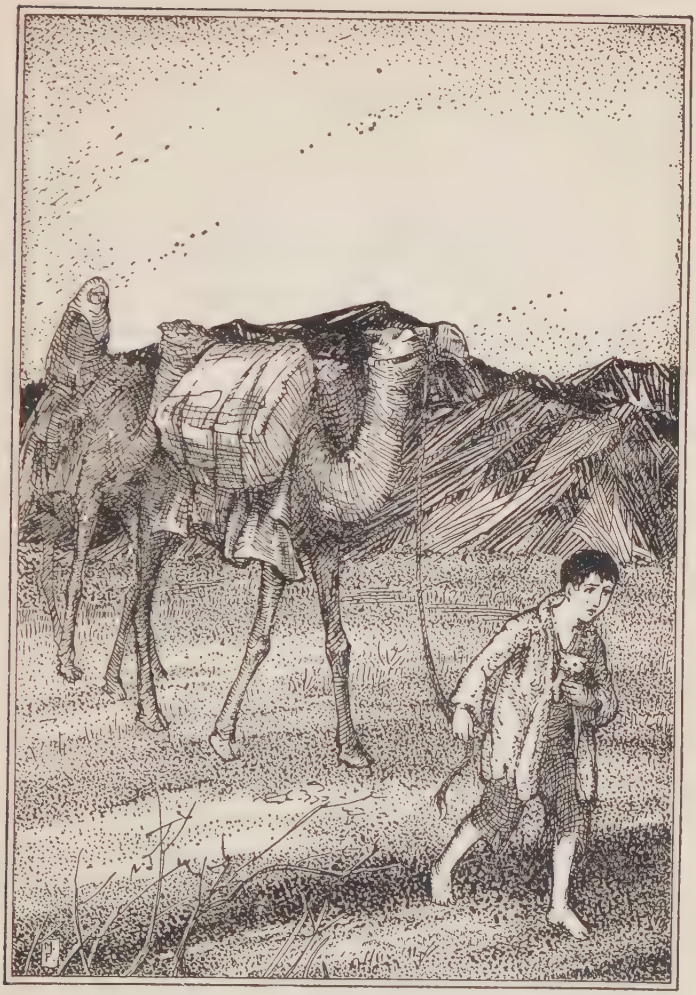
Next morning Amara rose early, closed the house shutters before the heat of the day, and set about preparing a breakfast of barley cakes and a dish of spiced tomatoes. Basil ate his breakfast and went off early with the sheep to pasture. And then presently Old Dimitri came in from the camel-shed, white and trembling. The man and his two camels were gone — and Dimitri was gone also! But although they searched about the neighborhood, they knew very

well what had become of him. This was not the first time a boy had been stolen from Smyrna. And unless one had swift horses and could go immediately in pursuit, there was no chance of getting the boy back again. Their only hope lay in the boy's ability to escape and make his way home. All day Old Dimitri and Amara grieved. And then that night something so terrible happened that even the lost boy no longer occupied all their thoughts. Smyrna was burning! When day came the bright sun was dimmed by the smoke of that raging fire. It was a beacon light, sending a message around the world as fast as cables and wires and wireless could carry it. The message said, "Smyrna is burning!" And it sounded like a great and pitiful cry of "Help!"

Yes, Kadir had stolen Dimitri. He had bound Dimitri's hands and feet as the boy lay sleeping on the bench, stuffed a rag into his mouth so that he could not cry out, and bound him on the back of one of the camels. Under cover of the darkness, before midnight, he started out, the padding of the camels' broad feet making very little noise. Well away from the city he turned southward, following the brook down to where it flowed into a small lake. Here he turned east, and with the first gray of dawn increased his speed. Dimitri, bound hand and foot, could not

move. His thirst was frightful, but he could not beg for water because of the rag in his mouth. The billowy motion of the camel on which he was fastened made him ill. His head ached violently. Now and then he lost consciousness. Frightened? Of course he was. But at the same time he did his best to put his throbbing head to thinking and planning some means of escape.

They stopped at noon at a tiny village whose houses were made of sun-baked mud, and here the man unbound Dimitri, took him from the camel's back, and took the rag from his mouth. The painful relief was so great that tears gushed from Dimitri's eyes. There, in a poor hovel, they ate some bread and dates. Dimitri had been afraid that Gata, close to his breast under his coat, was no longer living, but she was. The woman of the house had given Dimitri a cup of goat's milk, and this he fed slowly to the kitten, who was almost too weak to lap it up. Kadir and the woman talked together, but the Greek boy could understand only a few words of all they said. He knew very well, however, that they were off the beaten road of travelers, for the stopping places along that way were, he was sure, better places than this little mud village. Even if his mother were able to send some one after him, the chances were he would not be found. He must, in some way, make his escape.



Kadir rode on one of the camels and made Dimitri plod on ahead

When they started on again, Kadir rode on one of the camels and made Dimitri plod on ahead, half walking, half running, leading the other. But even that long, hot, wearisome afternoon could not last forever. At fall of night they came to another village, bigger than the last one, set in ripe orchards of plums and apricots and apples. Here there was an inn, and here again Dimitri had a little food for himself, and a little milk for Gata, and so great was his thirst that he was glad to put his mouth down into the watering trough beside the nose of a camel and drink and drink and drink. Then he had to lead the camels to an ill-smelling enclosure fenced in by a thick, high wall of thorn bushes. Then Kadir took him into the inn where he could keep an eye upon him while he drank his thick coffee and smoked his long pipe, and talked with a roomful of men as dark and rough as himself. Dimitri was so weary that he lay down upon the dirty floor and slept, and even an occasional kick or shove from a heavily booted foot did not awaken him. Kadir and the other men sat late talking, and then suddenly a boy burst into the room crying out, " The world is on fire! "

All the men ran out to look. Far off in the west, where Smyrna lay hidden behind the hills, great volumes of smoke, red from the fire below, spread themselves across the sky like angry

clouds. At the sight the men all found horses, somewhere, somehow, and rode away at great speed toward that beacon in the sky. Dimitri was forgotten. Who knows what was the purpose of Kadir and the rest? Perhaps it was to get what plunder they could from the helpless city in the midst of its trouble and confusion.

It was late the next day when Dimitri awoke, stiff and sore, and learned from the woman of the inn what had happened. She was not unkind to him, but gave him a little milk for Gata and some bread for himself. Drinking again at the camel's trough, and bathing and refreshing his poor feet, he turned his face westward. His city's trouble had set him free from Kadir. He must hurry home. Home! Perhaps his home was only ashes now.

It was nightfall of the second day when the weary boy dragged himself to the brow of the hill that overlooks Smyrna. How he made the journey he could never exactly recall. He hid from all men, fearing they might be soldiers or that Kadir might be among them. Sometimes he hid behind rocks or bushes, sometimes in a deserted hut, or in an irrigation ditch, until a man was out of sight. All night he walked. His greatest anxiety was about Gata, who mewed pitifully. At one place he chopped wood for a woman to earn

a little milk for Gata, and as the woman was willing to keep the kitten, he decided to leave his pet there. At any other time people might have questioned him, but now everybody's thoughts were on the burning city. And so at last he stood above his city, looking down upon it.

When he saw Smyrna's pitiful condition, he threw himself down upon the ground and cried bitterly. After a while he got up and tried to find his home, or what was left of it. The fire had raged chiefly in the Greek quarters, and it was no longer possible for him to recognize familiar places. Parts of the city were still smoldering, and now and then in spots the fire would break out afresh. The confusion was terrible. He kept running into guards, who ordered him back. Nobody would answer his questions, for everybody had troubles of his own. And he could not have taken care of the kitten for a week or 10 days. For several days, he hung about the smoldering ruins, occasionally finding something which he could eat, and trying desperately to learn the fate of his people. At last, he gave it up and made his way down to the harbor. Curling himself up in a corner of the land end of a long pier, he fell asleep.

In the morning he was awakened by many noises. The wharves were full of homeless people trying to get boat passage to Athens. On the

wharf where he had slept a crowd of babies and children, in the charge of several hospital nurses, was making its slow way, as part of a larger group, to a ship at the end of the wharf. Dimitri got up and joined the group at the end. As each reached the gangway of the ship he handed a card to the officer in charge. When Dimitri got near to the gangplank he wondered if he would be taken onto the ship without a card. He looked up at the ship, and saw flying upon it a flag that he knew. This gave him an idea. When it was his turn to hand a card to the officer, he put his hand into the pocket of his coat and took out the little American flag that Uncle Basil had sent from Chicago in a letter. The officer, surprised at this, looked at Dimitri keenly, and then he let him pass onto the ship!

II

Across the blue Ægean Sea, where lovely islands lie like water lilies on a pond, there is a busy harbor — one of the great harbors of the world, where you can see, any day of the year, ships from all parts of the world. You will see the *Maid of Mitylene* side by side with the *Daniel Webster,* and a graceful Japanese *Maru* drawn up beside a sturdy British merchant ship with a cargo from Hong Kong. Around the

harbor curves the city of Piræus, which perhaps does not look very important to people who measure cities with skyscrapers for yardsticks. Four miles away from Piræus and the sea lies Athens. No yardstick whatever can exactly measure Athens, even if you began on the top of the hill that is called the Acropolis, where the loveliest ruin of the past stands, and measured carefully down to Constitution Square, where autos and electric cars spin dizzily around the corners. And if you should try to determine which is the noisiest city in the world, it would be hard to choose between Athens and Naples. Silence is seldom heard in either place. In both the night noises do not stop until two o'clock in the morning, and the day noises begin promptly at three.

On one of the corners of Constitution Square is the office of Cook's Tourist Agency. Every big city in Europe has such an office, and there travelers and tourists go to inquire about all sorts of things, from hotels to railroad timetables. The agents help them out of difficulties, sell them tickets, provide them with guides, and sometimes give them good advice, which they often need. Mr. Doumos, who had been the agent of the Cook's office in Athens for many years, could have told many tales, had he wished, of the foolish things that tourists often do, es-

pecially those who cannot speak the language of the country in which they are traveling.

Mr. Doumos stood behind a desk and looked across it at those who came for help with kindly brown eyes peering through big spectacles. He could speak, besides his own Greek language, French and Italian and English. On a bench near the door of the office sat three boys of twelve, thirteen and fourteen, his three lively young nephews, and these Mr. Doumos found very convenient for sending about as messenger boys, or with a traveler who wished to find a certain street and couldn't, or even to carry a satchel or suit case or pet dog or baby to a hotel. The boys enjoyed helping Uncle Gregor, and also the pocket money it gave them, for he paid them every Saturday. But now the summer was nearly over, school would soon begin, and Vasily, Hector and Yanni would no longer be there on the bench at his beck and call. Bright boys they were, speaking enough French to get on fairly well with traveling people. And where their French failed they used what Mr. Doumos called " the international language ", which meant nothing more nor less than a friendly smile and a helping hand.

One Monday morning, a few days after the news of the fire at Smyrna had been in the Athens newspapers, Mr. Doumos, looking over his spectacles at the boys, discovered a strange boy among

them, a forlorn, ragged, dirty, weary-looking boy, wearing a shabby sheepskin coat, and trousers that hardly held together. His face was thin and anxious, and his big eyes were very solemn.

"Vasily, who is this?" asked Mr. Doumos.

"This is Dimitri," said Vasily.

"I am no wiser than I was before," said Mr. Doumos.

"He is a refugee from Smyrna," said Hector.

"And what is he doing here in my office?"

"Hunting for a job," said the three boys with one voice, and Yanni added, "Why, Uncle Gregor, don't you remember you said you wanted a boy to take our place? Very well, then, we brought you this one."

Then the boys told him that on the day before, which was Sunday, their father had taken them to Piræus to see the refugee ships come in, and that this boy had come on one of the ships.

"And Uncle," said Yanni, "father said he liked this boy, and he went to a city official and said he would give him a home until he found his parents. But we couldn't take him then because he had to be vaccinated."

"And so," went on Hector, "we went down this morning early and got him, and here he is. Now give him a job."

"Not so fast," said Mr. Doumos, and turn-

ing to Dimitri, he asked, "Boy, how old are you?"

"Thirteen," said Dimitri.

"And what do you know?" asked Mr. Doumos.

Dimitri thought that was a very strange question. He had to stop and think. What *did* he know? Into his poor, weary, confused mind there was just one thing that was bright and clear — the picture of himself and his mother sitting on the bench by the inn door together. Was it only a week ago they had sat there? It seemed like years and years. But Dimitri would never forget it.

"Sir," he said, looking up at Mr. Doumos with a very earnest face, "I know that life is a very uncertain thing, and if a man is uncertain also, he will make no more progress than a cat chasing its tail."

Mr. Doumos wiped his glasses and took a good look at the boy who spoke like an old man.

"Boys," he said, "we'll call to-day a holiday. Take Dimitri home to your mother and ask her to give him a bath and some clean clothes. Then in the afternoon take him for a taxi ride all over town and show him everything. To-morrow morning bring him here again."

No sooner said than done. In a jiffy the boys took Dimitri to their home, and there the boy

received a warm welcome. Half an hour later Dimitri had had such a bath as he had never known before in all his life, and was dressed in Hector's Sunday suit. And when, on top of all that, he had had a good dinner with the boys, their mother, and their little sister Helena, he felt like a new man, ready for whatever might come.

Then came the taxi ride; and with three boys pointing out everything at once, Dimitri was kept busy. From the Royal Palace — now no longer occupied by a king — to the market place, from the stadium to the museum, there was nothing he did not see. When they went to the ancient theater built on the side of the Acropolis, and the boys stood up and recited lines from the plays that had been acted there more than twenty centuries ago, Dimitri was speechless with astonishment and admiration. At the beautiful white marble stadium they showed him, with their own three pairs of nimble legs, how races were run. At the museum they hung over cases full of jewelry and swords and knives and cups and vases and pins so old that it was impossible to think back over so much time. From the Acropolis they looked in one direction upon the long brown back of Mount Hymettus, once so famous for the honey the bees made there, and in another direction they saw that odd, high, sharp peak

of Mount Lycabettus, looking for all the world like the odd mountains that the painter Giotto of the Middle Ages put into his pictures and that wouldn't stay pushed back into the background.

Then they drove about through the city streets, and saw the everyday city sights — squads of soldiers marching briskly along; donkeys with panniers full of white grapes; old men sitting on the curbstones with baskets of figs; women in bright shawls with cookies strung on sticks; tourists with red Baedekers in their hands; priests in their long black gowns, with their long hair done up into a knot; buglers filling the air with martial notes; happy children with their nurses; unhappy refugees seeking for shelter. And all this while Dimitri was looking up and down the streets for something that he could not see and did not want to find. And yet he kept looking.

That night Dimitri slept as he had not slept for — was it a week, or was it years and years?

When the four boys reached the Cook's office next morning Mr. Doumos looked Dimitri over and was much pleased with him. He was clean and neat in Hector's Sunday suit, and he looked intelligent. Mr. Doumos took him to his inner office, leaving his three nephews on the bench, ready to call him if a tourist came in. There Dimitri told him the whole story of the last two

weeks, and then Mr. Doumos asked Dimitri a few questions.

"What do you wish to do, Dimitri?"

"Find my mother," said the boy.

"How will you do that?"

"I must earn money first of all."

"And suppose you cannot find her, what then?"

Dimitri felt in the pocket of Hector's coat and drew out the little American flag. It had helped him once before. Surely it would help him again.

"Then I will go to Chicag," he said, "and get my Uncle Basil. He will come back with me and we will find her."

Mr. Doumos believed that this was a boy who could be made a man of. "All right," he said. "You may go now to the boys, and get them to teach you all they know. I think you will be able to handle the job."

Dimitri got up to go, but paused at the door. "Sir!" he said.

"Yes?"

"Are there any camels in Athens?"

"Not that I know of. I never saw one here."

Dimitri gave a sigh of relief. "I will stay, then," he said gravely.

XI

THE BLOOD BROTHERHOOD

This is the story of three boys of three different nations who met on an Atlantic liner which was going from Havre in France to New York. Of the three only Jack Perry, the American boy, had ever crossed the ocean before.

In 1914, with his father and mother, Jack had spent the summer in Europe, picking up quite a bit of both French and German, as a six-year-old will. Then the Great War broke out, and of that time of confusion Jack had a very unpleasant memory. They were in Venice on that Fourth of August when the war began. When they went up through Germany, hurrying homeward, it happened that if Jack spoke any French his father spanked him; and when they got into France, he was spanked if he spoke any German. So that when at last they reached America, and traveled through several States to reach Chicago, Jack was very cautious.

"Father," he asked, looking out the window at the State of Ohio that seemed to be flying backward, "how many States are there in this country?"

"Forty-eight," said his father.

"Can I speak American in all of these States?"

"Yes, son."

"And French?"

"Yes."

"And German?"

"Yes."

"Any language at all?"

"Yes, if you can speak it."

A glorious smile passed over Jack's face, and he leaned back in his seat with a care-free smile. "This is the country for me!" he said cheerfully. "I'll stay here all the rest of my life!"

But as it happened, he went to Europe again in 1921, when he was thirteen.

Down in the mulberry country in France, where nearly all the country people raise silkworms, there are wonderful white roads, bordered with tall trees on each side, with here and there villages strung upon them, like beads upon a string. In one of these little villages, with the road at its front doors, gardens at its back doors, and green groves of mulberry trees back of the gardens, there are just twelve houses in all, six on a side. When the year 1918 came, every house of the twelve had lost a father or a brother,

or both. Madame Pajou, who lived in one of the end houses, had lost her husband, who had been a road-mender. It had been his duty to go on certain days with his wagon to the big town some miles away, load his wagon with "mending stone," and dump it at certain intervals along the road. Other days he did the actual mending, a patch here or there where perhaps a rain had caused a washout. Or again he would mend a bridge across a little stream.

Madame Pajou's oldest son, Jules, had also been in the War, and had lost a leg. Jules was a born musician; he could play on anything. Even with a blade of grass held stiffly between his two thumbs he could blow the shrill note of the crickets or the whining note of the winter wind as it blew about the eaves of the house. Jules had an uncle who had a restaurant in Paris. Uncle Maurice had nearly all he could do to educate his own two children, and yet he asked Jules to come and live with him and his family, in their little rooms over the restaurant, and sent him to a music school. Here Jules learned to play on both a big bass violin and on a flute. Then the War came, and Jules, with his flute buttoned up under his jacket, went into the trenches. And after he came out, with one leg gone, Uncle Maurice had found him a place in the quartette of young musicians that were engaged to play on

Gervaise and Rose-Marie were kept busy gathering leaves from the mulberry trees

the steamer *La Fayette* as it went back and forth across the ocean.

Meanwhile Madame Pajou, in her little home on the long white road, besides caring for the housework, must tend the garden, and, with the help of her other two children, Gervaise and Rose-Marie, must raise silkworms and sell the cocoons. For this purpose the best room in the house was given up. Around the walls wire-netting shelves had been put up, and upon these were laid papers, constantly renewed that everything might be kept fresh and clean. Here, in the springtime, were placed the eggs kept over from the year before. When the eggs hatched and the tiny caterpillars, or silkworms, crawled out, then Gervaise and Rose-Marie were kept busy gathering leaves from the mulberry trees. At first they gathered them fresh only twice a day, but in a week or two, when these ferociously hungry little creatures were growing rapidly, leaves had to be gathered for them four or five times a day. This, and keeping the room clean, and having the air always fresh, and warming the room with a little charcoal stove on cool days, took a good bit of time. Besides this it was Rose-Marie's duty to help with the spinning and weaving, and gather the garden vegetables, tying them into neat little bundles and packing them into two baskets, for Gervaise to take to town and

sell. Gervaise was a quiet boy, with a deep sense of responsibility as the man of the family. Rose-Marie was full of bubbling spirits.

"There is no need of washing the beets and carrots," Gervaise said one day, waiting impatiently for the baskets. "You are wasting my time."

"Me," said Rose-Marie, pirouetting on her toes, "me, I have all the time there is. I like to waste a little of it."

"The townspeople do not notice whether or no the vegetables are washed," went on Gervaise.

"*Ohé!* What people!" cried Rose-Marie. "Then I will teach the townspeople a lesson in neatness. See how the clean carrots look like coral, and the clean beets like rubies! There now, Brother, take the basket and get along!"

When Gervaise came home that day, he brought with him something else besides the two empty baskets and some money jingling in his pocket. He had gone to the post office, thinking there might be a letter from Jules, who always wrote just before the *La Fayette* left Havre on each of her trips. But the letter which he found at the post office and laid upon his mother's lap on reaching home, was not from Jules. It was a letter from America.

"It is from Uncle Alphonse!" cried his mother. Uncle Alphonse knew all about silk-

making, and for some years had lived at Paterson, in New Jersey, where there are so many silk mills. It was a long letter, closely written, but what it chiefly said was that as he himself had not been in the War to help his country, he would try to make up for that by educating a boy and teaching him the silk trade, and would make him an honor to his country by making him an honest and capable and industrious man. As he had no wife or children of his own, would Gervaise like to be that boy? If so, let him come over on the *La Fayette* in charge of Jules, to whom Uncle Alphonse would give the money for his fare. Let him come as soon as the cocoons were sold. Then, in a half-dozen years or so, he could go back home, able to earn a good wage and take care of his mother and his little sister.

You can readily guess what a hubbub this letter made in that quiet little home. Indeed it was quite midnight before the three of them had really quieted down. Madame Pajou was just a bit tearful, and Gervaise, who was keen to go, declared that he would not budge a step, not he! What would his mother and sister do without him?

"We shall do very well indeed," said Rose-Marie.

"But who is there to do my work?" insisted Gervaise.

"There is me!" said Rose-Marie firmly, standing up very straight. "I am of a great bigness for my age. You would guess me nearer twelve than eleven. I shall be grown up in the twinkling of an eye, is it not so, Mother? What if I do put my head beneath the quilt when it thunders? I am as brave as a lion, nevertheless! But yes, indeed!"

At ten minutes to twelve by the clock Gervaise said, "Mother, I cannot possibly leave you!"

Quick as a flash Rose-Marie pirouetted on her toes and cried, "Well, then, Mother, write to Uncle Alphonse that you have another child beside Gervaise, whose name is Rose-Marie. Say that she is a very pleasant and good-natured child, very strong in the arms and quick in the head. Say that she will begin to get ready to go to that far-off America at once!"

At that Mother wept a few tears. At five minutes to twelve she told Gervaise that he was the son of a hero, and that he must go and make good for his country's sake. Gervaise tried to look as much like a hero as he could, and Rose-Marie started to sing the "Marsellaise." And when the little clock struck twelve solemn strokes, the thing was settled. Gervaise was to go.

Rose-Marie lay awake almost until the first chill light of dawn planning how she would take

care of her mother when Gervaise was gone. She would arise very early to care for the house and the garden and the silkworms. She would trudge the three miles to town to sell the vegetables and the three miles back and never, never, never complain of the distance! And just before she fell asleep, with one round cheek deep in the pillow, she said to herself, "Me, I too am the child of a soldier hero!" She would so gladly have gone to that far-off America!

Picture to yourself a wide country rich with wheat fields and beet fields, the wheat for bread, of course, and the beets for sugar. Far off, here and there, is a glimpse of the Danube River, and, at one point, the spires and domes and towers of Vienna. In the beet fields not only are men and women busy at work, but children also, some bending their backs to pull up the beets, others stripping them of their leaves, still others making them up into great piles, ready to be loaded upon wagons and carried to the sugar refineries. Here and there run dusty roads, and all along the roadsides, like rosy cups filled with sunshine, poppies nod in the hot wind. The rose is the flower of England, and the lily is the flower of France, but the poppy, that runs like a red tide from "Flanders fields" to Athens — surely this is the flower of Europe.

A few miles south of Vienna you would have seen, several years ago, a mother and her boy of twelve or thirteen, working together in a beet field. It was midsummer, warm and clear. A baby of two years sat near by, playing with a handful of poppies. He pulled off a rosy petal, put it against his lips, blew hard, and away the petal went, floating upon the sunny air like a scarlet butterfly. When a petal fell to the ground he frowned and scolded, but when it floated upward he laughed delightedly. A pink cotton dress and a blue handkerchief tied about his head were all the clothes he wore, scarcely more than the first downy feathers of a baby robin. But the baby-man was quite as contented as a baby-robin, and asked nothing better.

Mrs. Senn, meanwhile, and her boy Heinar were working hard. The mother worked steadily, but the boy worked wearily. Since his father went to America a year before, Heinar had worked really beyond his strength. Five days in the week he and his mother worked on some farm or other, now helping with peas and beans, now with oats or barley or wheat, now with beets, according to the season. And all they earned only just kept the three of them clothed and fed.

Their home was in a little cleft between two hills — a little stone house of two rooms only, the larger of which they lived in themselves; in

the smaller they kept the cow. Old Molla, the cow, was the only possession they had of any value, unless perhaps it might be the quaint old chest of walnut wood in which Mrs. Senn kept the few treasured trinkets of her girlhood days. There were two books in the chest, one a "Life of Martin Luther," the other a song book. One of the songs was "The Blue Danube," and this they often sang on Sundays. On Saturdays they did not go to the fields to work. On that day they worked in their own little garden of flowers, watering it with water from the little stream that ran between the hills and right by their door. Heinar gathered the flowers, tied them into little bunches, and laid them in a basket under a moist cloth. In another basket he arranged the gingerbread men that his mother had made in the early morning. Then, when he had finished his noon meal of potato or onion soup, made with some of Molla's good milk, he took a basket on each arm and set off for Vienna, several miles away.

"Mind you do not let the flowers wilt," said his mother. "Keep in the shade all you can. And mind you eat only two of the gingerbread men for your supper. Wait now; here's a bit of cheese. Put that into your pocket." Then she sighed and added, "Next year, please God, we'll be in America with your father."

Next year — but how long a year could be, thought Heinar, trudging wearily along. He knew exactly what he would do when they got to America. He would sit down somewhere and rest. And maybe he would have time to play over there! He had a little ball, made of blue and red strips of leather, but there was never any time to play with it, and so Mother kept it put away in the chest. He feared he would be too old to play with it before they reached America.

When Heinar reached Vienna he did not loiter in the small streets, but went at once to the Ringstrasse, that wide and beautiful boulevard, two miles long, which curves about in a circle, having been built on the line of the old city walls of centuries ago. Here lovely ladies rode or walked, and to these he offered his little bouquets, for which they gave him a few pennies each. To the children, romping along followed by their nurses, he held out the basket of gingerbread men. These the children loved to buy, and indeed they were good to eat. You could begin eating at the feet and eat your way up to the two currants that were stuck in for eyes, or you could bite off the head by way of an agreeable beginning, and work down to the little dots of white icing that served for buttons on the coat. If sales were brisk Heinar always took the precaution of hiding two gingerbread men under the cloth at the

bottom of the basket, so that he would not have to go supperless.

If the flowers did not sell very fast he stayed later in the evening, and then made his way to the Grand Opera House or to the Court Theater, for there he was sure to sell to some of the ladies who were glad to have a bouquet in hand when they were listening to the fine music that all Austrians love so well. Even outside the big Parliament Buildings he could usually sell to the well-dressed men as they came out some time before the city's late dinner hour. At all these places Heinar was not only intent upon making sales, but his beauty-loving eyes enjoyed the fine lines of the buildings, their arches and columns and towers. In the bottom of his heart he longed to become an architect. If he was not too tired, always before he turned homeward he went to the Cathedral, which is almost in the very center of the Ringstrasse, to look at its tall spire without and its pillars and arches and finely carved pulpit within. Then, a weary little chap, he trudged home, eating his two gingerbread men as he went.

When the next winter came, Heinar stayed at home with the baby on Saturdays and his mother went to the city, with butter and cheese to sell, and some cotton lace of her own making. It was a hard winter, with icicles hanging from the eaves

and snow a foot and more deep through three long months. But at last one day in March a letter came from Mr. Senn in America, saying that by July he would be ready to send them the money to bring them across the ocean. He told his wife to sell the cow to the highest bidder, and pay all their debts before leaving. And he told them that he was now a bricklayer at good and steady wages.

When Mrs. Senn had read the letter through she folded it carefully and put it into the chest, and Heinar, looking into the chest, saw his red and blue ball.

"Mother, may I take the ball with me when we go?" he asked.

"*Ach,* child," said his mother, "we can take only what we can carry, and there will be bedding and clothes to take. There'll be no room for toys."

"But, Mother, look at it," said Heinar. "I have never really played with it; it is still new and clean. I thought maybe there would be time to play with it over there."

"Play!" said his mother. "There will be no time for that. You will be carrying bricks up in a hod to your father."

After that Mrs. Senn put the baby to bed in his wooden cradle, and Heinar got into his bed, which was in a little closet in the wall. He was

very sleepy, and presently drowsed off. In his dreams he seemed to hear a sound of sobbing and this so startled him that he was wide awake in an instant. The room was dark except for one small candle standing in a saucer upon the chest. In front of the chest his mother was kneeling upon the floor, tenderly stroking the wooden panels, kissing the brass knob on the lid, and weeping as though her heart would break. For she knew very well that this treasure of hers, made for her by her father in her happy girlhood days, could never be taken to the new home in America.

On September 14, 1921, Jack Perry stood on the deck of the *La Fayette* watching other passengers come across the gangplank. Jack, who could now speak both French and German much better than he could on that first visit of his to Europe, could now speak them anywhere without any threats of spankings. As he looked down from the promenade deck he saw a group of young Frenchmen with musical instruments under their arms, accompanied by a French boy of about his own age, arriving. Jack, leaning over the rail, began to whistle the " Marseillaise " to catch the boy's attention. Sure enough the boy looked up, broke into a smile, and whistled the " Marseillaise " also, while the musicians all

stood still for a moment at salute. Then they disappeared within the ship.

Looking down again presently, Jack saw a number of emigrants coming aboard. Among them was a mother with a three-year-old clutching at her skirt and a boy of Jack's age following behind. They were an odd-looking little group. The mother, in place of a shawl, had a bedquilt folded about her shoulders, the baby was encased in a blanket, which fell in a train behind him, and the boy was wrapped in a large woolen shawl of brilliant colors, crossed in front and the ends tied behind. Above this a thin, tired young face with a pair of solemn dark eyes looked around at the strange new scene. All three of them carried bundles. It was almost impossible to believe that a woman, a boy, and a baby could carry so much. Jack could not quite make out what country these people had come from, but he whistled a few bars of "The Blue Danube," and to his delight the boy looked up, smiled, and whistled the next few bars.

"Gee!" said Jack. "I hit it!"

The ship sailed that evening at dusk, leaving Havre behind, looking like a ghost of a city upon the receding shore. Three boys, in three different parts of the ship, stood at a rail, looking back. One boy was going home, and was thinking of meeting his friends; one boy was going to earn

all the money he could, and then go back to his mother and sister in a little thatched house on one of the long white roads of France; but the third boy was leaving forever all that he knew and loved to face a strange land and a strange language — and who knew how many hardships?

The first boy, as he tucked himself into the third berth, under the porthole, in his father's and mother's stateroom, said, "I say, Dad, won't it be great to be in High School this year!" The second climbed up into an upper berth over his brother Jules in a cramped little stateroom near the water line. But the third boy, lying upon the floor, wrapped in his shawl, in order that his mother and little brother might have the single berth they could afford, had visions of that lovely city of Vienna, with its sparkling sunny air, its fine buildings, its gay cafés, and its music, and wiped away some rolling tears before he went to sleep.

It was four o'clock next afternoon before Jack met Gervaise. Three times each day the four musicians gave an hour's concert in the saloon — or parlor, as we landlubbers say — at eleven in the morning, at four in the afternoon, and at nine in the evening. All morning Jack had been busy exploring the ship, walking the deck, playing ringtoss, watching passing ships, and peeping into the wireless room. But at four in the after-

noon he went to the saloon and sat himself in a big armchair to listen to the music. The four musicians took their places, one at the piano, one near the piano with his violin, and the other two, with 'cello and bass violin, sitting near by. Jules Pajou was nearly hidden by the big bass violin which he was playing, and, in a chair behind him, Gervaise was entirely hidden. When the music was fairly started the passengers began to come in, until at last the room was full and some were standing. Jules, turning to Gervaise, told him he must give up his chair, which he did at once, and himself stood up. Jack, seeing this, beckoned to Gervaise, and when the rather shy French boy came to him Jack said, in his best French, "Do sit down; this chair is big enough for two."

After that occasion that identical chair, big, wide and puffy, held two boys three times every day. In twenty-four hours each of them knew all about the other — about his home, his friends, his work and play, his hopes for the future. And they never missed a concert. When the sea roughened and poor Jules was terribly seasick, and yet held stoutly to his post and played his big violin with set teeth and the look of a martyr, it was Jack who brought him a lemon and gave him good advice; and both boys gathered up his violin and his music when, after the last encore, he beat a hasty retreat.

It was on the fourth day out that the two boys met Heinar. Heinar, being in the steerage, could not come up to the promenade deck. But he sat contentedly enough on the stern deck below, whittling away at a piece of wood. Jack and Gervaise, looking down at him, were curious to know what he was carving with such care. And at length they ran down there to see.

"What are you making?" asked Jack in his own tongue.

"*Que faites vous?*" asked Gervaise in his.

Heinar made no reply, merely glancing up for a moment and then looking down at his work.

"*Wass machen Sie?*" asked Jack next in German.

At once Heinar jumped up and showed them the piece of wood, and told them that he was making the tower of the Cathedral at Vienna. "I do not wish ever to forget how it looks," he explained, in German.

"Wait till we get to New York," answered Jack, "and you will see some taller towers than that!"

Heinar's big eyes looked at Jack over the folds of the striped shawl. "Taller it may be, but not more beautiful," he said firmly, and went on carving.

That evening Jack interested his father and mother in Heinar to such an extent that his fa-

ther arranged with one of the French officers of the ship that for an hour each day Heinar might come up to the promenade deck with Jack and Gervaise. And at once the three boys struck up such a friendship that Jack, who liked to do things thoroughly, hit upon a plan that would cement their friendship firmly.

"Did you ever hear of a blood brotherhood?" he asked the other two.

No, they never had.

"I've read about it in books," said Jack. "If you once make one you must never break it. It is terribly solemn. And you have to stick by each other through everything. Wars and fights and accidents and everything."

The other two were solemnly impressed.

"It's the most powerful brotherhood in the world," went on Jack, becoming more enthusiastic every minute. "We must all cut our arms until the blood comes, and we must mix the blood of all three of us together, and then we must each take a lick of it with our tongues, and then we'll be friends forever and ever!"

The two young Europeans did not think quite so much of this last item on the list as did the young American, but they finally agreed. It should be done upon the morrow.

That afternoon a gale of wind blew up, and presently a heavy storm was buffeting the *La*

Fayette. Deck hands hurried to put up the heavy shutters of the saloon and the dining room, both of which were in the bow of the boat. The ocean heaved with enormous waves, the crests of which slipped over the bows and went seething along the promenade deck. Strips of canvas were put up above the taffrail, until the deck was like a long, dark, slippery alley. Next morning the storm was still raging, and many people stayed in their berths.

So it happened that when Heinar came up for his hour on the promenade deck, the three boys had no difficulty in finding a place where they would not be spied upon while they sealed the Blood Brotherhood. The greatest difficulty was that they could not keep their balance very well, the ship was rolling and pitching so much. Now the bow rose high upon the crest of a great wave, now it fell down, down, into the great green trough between two waves. Then as the bow rose again, the ship stuck her nose into the wall of the oncoming wave, and a swirl of foaming water ran down the deck.

The initiation into the Brotherhood began solemnly. Jack took out his knife, rolled up his sleeve, and with no wincing whatever cut his arm until a round red drop stood upon the skin. Next he cut Gervaise's arm, and last Heinar's, both boys standing pale and firm. Then, with the

blade of his knife he transferred the other two drops to his own arm, and thoroughly mixed the three drops, spreading it out as he mixed.

"Now," he said, holding out his arm to Gervaise, "take a lick, quick, before it dries!"

Rather gingerly, Gervaise put out his tongue and took a lick, and next Heinar did likewise. Then, just as Jack put his tongue firmly down upon the red spot upon his arm, a tongue of water came rolling down the deck and licked Jack himself up, carrying him sprawling down the deck. Gervaise and Heinar, each holding on by one hand to the rail, without an instant's hesitation let go, and did what they had seen a deck hand do when a little girl had been swept along by the water. Along the deck they raced and threw themselves down upon Jack, so that he should not be dashed against the deck wall or against an iron post of the taffrail.

In a moment they were up, breathless and clinging to each other. "Gee!" said Jack, and "*Ach!*" said Heinar, and "*Ohé!*" said Gervaise. And at this moment Mr. Perry, who had witnessed the scene, reached them, and drew them off the deck and into the saloon, where they sank down into the puffy chairs. Jack was limping a little, and his face was pale. He had known the danger he was in, even in the brief time he was in it.

"Dad," he said, "we three fellows have initiated ourselves into a Blood Brotherhood, and already they have rescued me! What do you think of that!"

"Quick work!" said Mr. Perry. He looked at the three boys, and three honest-faced, bright-eyed boys looked back at him.

"How about the Brotherhood, Dad? All right?" asked Jack.

"All right," said his father. "Suits me. But what's the next move?"

"The next move is for me to rescue *them*," said Jack.

Four days later the three boys stood together on the dock at New York, the center of an interested group. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Senn and the baby, Uncle Alphonse and Jules, and Mr. and Mrs. Perry. For the moment Gervaise had forgotten France and Heinar had forgotten Vienna. For plans were being made by which the three members of the Blood Brotherhood should meet every year for a day or two — or even a week — until they were all twenty-one. Mr. Perry was going to see to that. And Uncle Alphonse said that Gervaise should not only learn all he could about the silk business, but that he should also have some time to learn music. And before she knew it, Mrs. Perry got dragged

into all this planning, and she said that she would be responsible for Heinar's having lessons on architecture, and some schooling too, besides carrying hods of bricks. And then, while all these people were shaking hands with each other, Jack took the center of the stage. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeve, and displayed proudly the red smear on his arm which he had firmly refused to wash off.

"Look-a-here!" he said. "I'm not going to wash that off till we meet next time!"

"I wouldn't!" laughed his mother. "It's quite an international emblem!"

Did they meet again? Indeed they did. This June was the fourth time. And three years from this June they are all three going to Europe together.

XII

THE GOLDEN WONDER

THIS is the story of how sixteen-year-old Rosey and thirteen-year-old Annette, one born in New York and the other in Paris, suddenly crossed each other's paths on the curbstone of one of the boulevards of Paris; and how, on that occasion, all because a restless little boy tried to cross the boulevard alone, Rosey's active feet stuck tight to the sidewalk, but Annette's thin little legs carried her, as you might say, all the way to New York.

Rosey went to school until she was fourteen, and then became nursegirl to Robin and Dirk Danvers, a lively pair of four-year-old twins. Rosey loved the twins, yet they tried her very sorely. "One of them alone is two handfuls for me," she said plaintively to her mother, "and what have I got to take hold of the other with, and the three of us crossing a street and the automobiles coming both ways at once?" Rosey was a true Killarney rose, with blooming cheeks and a dimple in her chin. Every Saturday afternoon she had "off," and then she took the elevated for the long ride down to her mother's home. The

elevated car went directly by the windows of her mother's kitchen, and her mother, looking out, sometimes saw Rosey and waved her apron at her; or, if she was ironing, she waved her hot iron. Two blocks farther down the car stopped at a station, and there Rosey got off and walked back the two blocks.

"Now then, rest yourself, darling, and tell me all about it," said her mother, as Rosey seated herself in the old, easy rocking-chair. And then Rosey's face would gather up into a frown, and she would tell her troubles, and they would multiply in the telling.

"I'm worn out, Mother, with the two boys. Two, is it? If your eyes were shut you'd hear sounds enough from them to be four. Last night they sat up straight in their cribs and not an eye would they shut, and it eight o'clock if it was a minute. And when I said I would get a policeman after them, were they frightened? Not they! They asked me to get two policemen, so they could have one apiece."

When Rosey's father and two brothers came home at supper time and Rosey repeated this story to them, her policeman brother, Tim, banged his fist on the table with a big laugh and said, "Now that's the kind of little fellows I like! They'll make first-rate policemen themselves." But Rosey sighed and said, "They'll

make me a peck of trouble before I get them raised."

Two years later, when Rosey was sixteen and the twins six, had you been down at one of the Hoboken piers, you would have seen Mrs. Danvers and the boys and Rosey embarking for Europe on the French steamer *La Fayette*. And since the *La Fayette* is a slow boat, and will not reach the shores of France for ten whole days, we have plenty of time before they arrive to have a word or two about Annette.

When Annette was only eight years old her playtime was over. For after that she sat long hours, with her mother and big sister Lucie, at the kitchen table making flowers to go on hats. Mother colored the muslin petals pink or red, Lucie fastened the petals together into roses and put them on wire stems, and Annette twisted the wire stems with green tissue paper. If only she might be allowed to make a whole flower! But no; her mother said that would take more time, and time was money. When Annette laid her weary head on her pillow at night, she wished that time was not money. She would rather have time to be playing in the park, or riding on a boat on the river under the bridges. Or if one could only be making violets instead of always making pink roses. But no; again her mother said they would lose time learning to make the

violets, and time was money. Annette, twisting the green tissue paper around the wire stems of the roses, heard the clock on the kitchen wall saying, Time — is — mon-ey, time — is — mon-ey! It made her sleepy to listen; and when she got so sleepy that her head nodded over her work, her mother bade her go and run around the block to wake her up again.

Every Saturday morning Pierre, the only brother, who was nearly twelve by the time Annette was thirteen, and strong and sturdy, carried the pasteboard boxes of roses — fifty roses in each box — to Madame Giraud. Madame Giraud's millinery shop was down on the Avenue de l'Opera, tucked in between a department store and a candy shop. The candy shop was a great trial to Pierre. He wondered why its owner, Monsieur Goujon, did not sit in his shop and eat chocolates all day long. That's what he himself would do, of a truth! In the window were some candy boxes made like books, with the titles of real books on their backs. There was one called "Notre Dame, by Victor Hugo." Pierre's mother told him that it was a story of the Cathedral of Paris, where they went sometimes on Sundays, and where Pierre always counted the lighted candles before the statue of the Madonna, and then counted those before the statue of Joan of Arc, and was always pleased when Joan had

the most. He argued that the Madonna had been having candles for hundreds of years, but the wonderful Joan had been having them only since the Great War. He thought of all these things as he stood before the candy shop, looking at the box made like a book. What a surprise to receive a book on Christmas, or on one's birthday, and find it full of chocolates and bonbons!

Sometimes Annette was given a holiday from twisting green paper around wire stems, and allowed to go with Pierre and help carry the boxes. Arrived at Madame Giraud's shop, they entered and walked to the back of the shop, where behind a broad screen sat a group of young girls trimming hats. Annette could not think of any place as being any pleasanter than this small workroom. A broad window opened upon a wide courtyard, and the young girls, in their black dresses and ruffled white aprons, sat about the window sewing flowers of all kinds and colors upon hats of fascinating shapes. Madame Giraud was a big, stout, kindly woman, who only scolded when it was necessary, as when one of the young girls wasted a bit of precious velvet or ribbon in the cutting. Then her black eyebrows came down into a frown, and she would say, "Mademoiselle, of a truth, you have not your senses about you this morning! Did I not pay

eight francs the yard for that brocaded ribbon? And you have wasted a good third of an inch. We shall be brought to the poorhouse by your waste!" She did not say "yard," to be sure, but "meter," since everywhere the French people use the metric system, which is very convenient, since we have ten fingers to count upon. But what did she call a third of an inch? Here we can only shrug our shoulders, as Madame herself would do in a like difficulty with our language.

Meanwhile there stood Annette and Pierre, waiting to be paid for the roses. Madame went to her desk, counted out a few — oh, a very few! — francs, and handed them to Annette. Madame Giraud had a daughter of her own, just about Annette's age, and so she tapped Annette's pale cheek kindly with her big warm hand and said, "You should have more play in the sunshine, little one." And then she handed Pierre a big box containing the materials for making more roses — the uncolored flower petals, the stiff green leaves, the wire, and the green paper to be twisted about the stems.

Coming out of Madame Giraud's shop, they paused, of course, at the window of the candy shop next door. There was that great man, Monsieur Goujon, who might have sat all day eating his own candy — the wonder of it, that

he didn't! — dusting his already speckless show-cases and rearranging the boxes in them.

" I shall keep a candy shop, me, when I'm a man," said Pierre firmly.

Annette's eyes had a far-away look in them; she was seeing her most cherished vision. " I shall sew yellow daffodils on a hat of golden brocade," she said. " That is a combination Madame has not yet tried. It will glow like the rising sun, and I shall make my fortune by it. Perhaps I'll add a few blue forget-me-nots under the brim, just to keep the eyes from dazzling."

" What will you do with the fortune? " asked Pierre.

" First, of course, I shall buy a candy shop for you. And after that I shall never make roses, or even look at them, as long as I live. I do not love them; I quite hate them. Me, I shall play in the parks all morning until I have acquired the rosy cheeks Madame desires me to have, and then I shall sit in her shop in a black dress with a white lace apron and make those golden hats. *Ohé!* but they will be of a loveliness! "

By this time they had arrived at the boulevard, and stood staring at the big Opera House across the busy street, waiting for a slight lull in the traffic before bolting across. For nowhere in the world, it seems, is there such a dangerous

crossing as this; and the policeman, looking like a soldier in his trim uniform, is more beautiful than useful. He stands stiffly on his little isle of safety while the autos rush madly up, down, and around at their own sweet will.

When they arrived home, in time for the noonday meal of savory cabbage soup and bread and a bit of cheese, and Annette had told her mother how Madame had advised her to play out more in the sunshine, her mother sighed deeply. And presently she said, "Go then, little ones, both of you, and see what luck Grandfather is having today. But mind you keep on the sunny side of the street."

It was a glorious day of early September, with a shining sun, but with a sparkling hint of autumn in the air. Gladly enough the children rushed down the stairs and out into the street. Pierre, who spent the week days at school — for the man of the family must be educated — was glad enough not to have his black satchel of books on his shoulder. They went south to the Rue de Rivoli and walked along that fascinating street for a few blocks. Not being at all like the ancient Socrates, who used to walk about the streets of Athens seeing how many things there were that he could do without, Annette and Pierre flattened their noses against the windows of the wonderful shops of the Rue de Rivoli, seeing how

many — how very many! — things there were that they would be only too delighted to have. Then they crossed over into the Tuileries Gardens, a lovely park where many nurses sat on the benches while happy children played about them. The leaves which but a few days before were on the trees were now under foot, a brown and yellow carpet. Among the nurses was one who was very young. She had two small boys in her charge, and it was all she could do to keep her eyes on both. They spoke a foreign tongue, and laughed and were quite joyous and the cheeks of the young nurse were as round and rosy as those of the little boys. She played with them as though she did not know what it was to be tired. Annette sighed. *She* was always tired.

Presently they left the Tuileries Gardens by another gate, and came out upon the Place de la Concorde, the most famous open square of Paris. Beyond the Place, they crossed a bridge over the river, and turned to the left along the Quai Voltaire. There was a walk along the stone embankment of the river, and here they presently came to some of the oddest bookstores you ever saw, a whole row of them, in fact, all along the embankment, and each one nothing more than a big covered box full of books resting upon the top of the stone wall of the embankment. The lids of these boxes stood propped up by day, but at

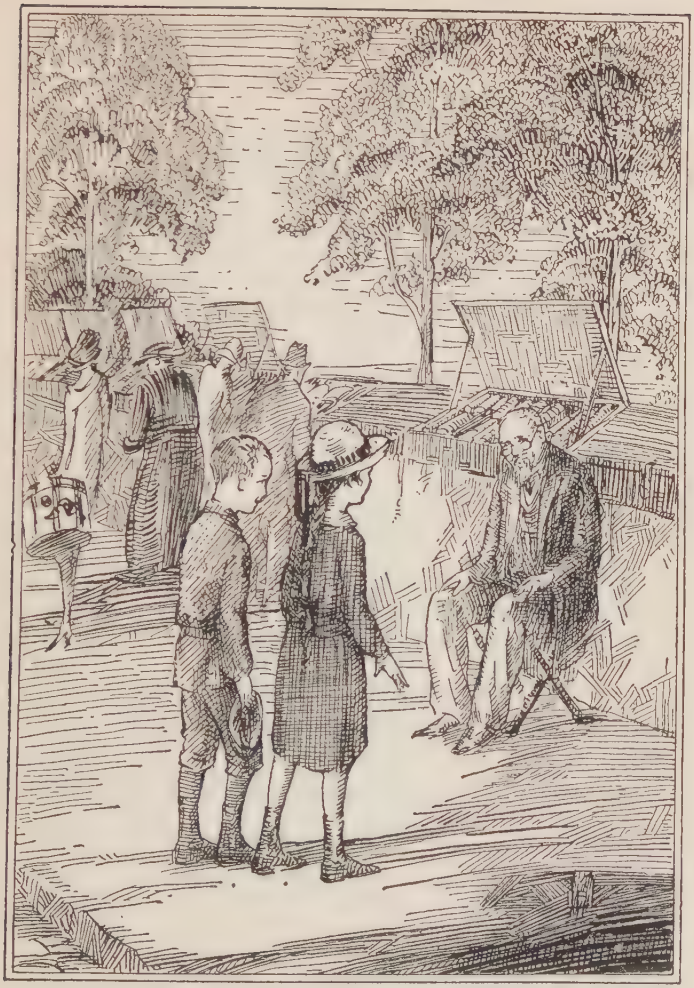
night they were all closed and padlocked. Before each box sat its owner, on a stool. Many people as they came along stopped to look at the books. And yet they were not new books, but old ones, some torn, some without covers, some only parts of books. But the French people are great readers; if they cannot buy new books they will buy old ones; and too, sometimes a book that is only shabby on the outside but brilliant within, that any one would be glad to buy, finds its way into one of these queer little bookshops.

Presently Annette and Pierre stopped at one of these boxes, and the old man who was sitting on the stool welcomed them warmly.

"Well, well," he said, his old eyes twinkling over his spectacles, "it is the little ones!" He rose from the stool and said to Annette with a flourish, "Be seated, Madame!" But Annette with a laugh pushed him down on to his stool, and seated herself upon his knee.

"Grandfather," she said, wagging her finger at him, "be truthful now, and tell me how many books you have sold to-day." For Grandfather had a way of cheerfully pretending that business was always tremendously successful.

"No less than five!" said the old man triumphantly. And then he sighed and said, "But it was for a reason. The man who wrote them, a great man, has just died."



The old man who was sitting on the stool welcomed them warmly

"Not Victor Hugo, Grandfather, who has written that book of chocolate drops in Monsieur Goujon's window?" said Pierre, and then laughed at himself before Grandfather had time to laugh at him.

"Victor Hugo died years ago," said Grandfather. "This man died only last week. It is Anatole France, greatest of our writers."

"I do not know him," said Pierre, climbing up on the embankment wall and seating himself beside his grandfather's bookstore.

"There is much you do not know," said Grandfather. "I had those five books of his here in my box for years. One came along; one turned the leaves; but one did not buy. Now he is dead, and presto! I sell them all five in a single day." Grandfather shook his head, as much as to say that it is a strange world we live in.

"How much did you get for them, Grandfather?" asked Annette.

Grandfather shook his head again, as though completely discouraged with the world and its ways. "Five francs," he said. "It is a thing to laugh at!"

"And how is Grandmother?" asked Annette.

"Grandmother is well," he said, and then added gallantly, "Grandmother — ah, there's a fine woman for you!"

Grandfather and Grandmother lived up on

the Rue Tournon, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens, and nearly every Sunday Lucie and Annette and Pierre and their mother spent all of the afternoon with them. In winter weather they all sat crowded into the one little room that Grandfather and Grandmother lived in, while Grandfather told tales of how his book business prospered or did not prosper. And once — would you believe it? — they heard how the President of France — no less! — had stopped at his box and looked at his books. And when he chose a book, and was about to pay for it, Grandfather said, "Sir, I make the President of my country a gift!" And the President shook hands with Grandfather and went off with a torn old copy of the poems of François Villon, a strange youth who in the Middle Ages was not only a poet but a burglar besides.

But in pleasant weather they sat in the Luxembourg Gardens together, the old folks on a bench, the children romping about among the flower beds, and taking many more drinks than they needed at the lovely fountain. Then Grandmother would open a little basket of sweet, spicy cakes she had made. Later, when the dusk began to creep along the paths of the Gardens, and the lights of Paris to twinkle among the trees, Mother and the children would go home. It was a long walk, down the Rue Tournon, along the

embankment, across the river, through the Place de la Concorde, and so up one or two dark, narrow streets to their own home. And the next day and the next — oh, so many days! — there were roses to make and stems to wind with green and the clock telling you that time was money. It made you tired even to think of it.

But now on this bright afternoon, they bade Grandfather an affectionate farewell, knowing that to-morrow was Sunday and they would see him soon again. This time they went home over a different bridge, which took them on to the little island in the river that is called the Isle of the City, and looked in a moment at the great door of the Cathedral. Before the statue of Joan of Arc they counted eleven tiny stars of flame in the huge darkness, and before the Madonna only nine.

"If I were Joan of Arc, I would blow out three of my candles," said Annette. "Pouf! Just like that!"

And then, on the very next Saturday, something happened. Something big! Pierre, to his lasting sorrow, wasn't in it; but Annette will not forget the day if she lives to be as old as Grandmother. Pierre had a toothache. Mother gave him a hot raisin to hold in his mouth against the tooth that ached, and sent Annette alone, with as many boxes of roses as she could carry, to

Madame Giraud's shop. She piled the boxes up in Annette's arms, kissed her tenderly on those pale cheeks, and told her to be very careful at the crossings.

It was a lovely morning, and Annette stepped out bravely in spite of the load of boxes, which threatened to topple over at every step. But she reached Madame Giraud's without any mishap. While Madame Giraud was getting the money from her desk, Annette took a quick look about at all the hats that were in sight. No, not one was of yellow daffodils on golden brocade. Madame had not yet thought of that lovely combination. If Annette's wish came true, in five years at most she would be sitting here making that hat! What should it be called? What name was good enough? It should be called the Golden Wonder! Other milliners would come begging to be allowed to imitate it. London would be sending for it, and America, even!

Then, receiving the money and the box of fresh materials, Annette started home up the Avenue de l'Opera, past Monsieur Goujon's, past several jewelers' shops, past the great bookshop full of books in the English language — at least Pierre said they were English; he was learning English at school — and at last she stood on the corner of the boulevard. And there, right before her, waiting for a chance to cross, stood

the rosy-cheeked nurse and two little boys that she and Pierre had seen in the Tuileries Gardens the Saturday before. The two little boys were talking, and though Annette could not understand them, we can.

"I wouldn't buy Paris for a Lincoln penny," said Robin, who wasn't pleased with the loveliest of cities because his legs were tired.

"What would you buy?" asked Dirk.

"New York!" said Robin.

"Well, I wouldn't buy New York either, for a penny," said Dirk.

"What would you buy?" asked Robin.

But what he would have bought Dirk did not say, for at that moment he caught sight of his mother on the other side of the boulevard.

"Hello! Hello! Mother!" called Dirk, and before the horrified Rosey could clutch him by the arm he shot from the curb like an arrow from the bow and was in the very midst of a tangle of traffic.

Robin, safe on the curb, began to scream directions to his brother in peril. Rosey stood with her mouth wide open, the red fading from her cheeks, but could not move a foot or lift a finger. Neither could Dirk's mother, rigid with terror on the opposite curb. Even the blue policeman on his isle of safety could not act at once, it was all so sudden.

But there was one who could and did move, and she moved like a flash of lightning. Dropping her box and her money, Annette leaped so quickly after Dirk that she had one thin but firm arm around him just as he reached the middle of the boulevard. With a swing of her arms she lifted him to her shoulder, and without an instant's pause she ducked, dived, twisted on her track, leaped forward, retreated, escaped an eastbound auto, a westbound omnibus, and a southbound truck as by three separate miracles, and at last threw the boy at his mother and herself fell unconscious at Mrs. Danver's feet while the blue policeman shook Dirk till his teeth chattered.

When next she opened her eyes she was lying on a bed in a hotel room. Mrs. Danvers, sitting by the bed and watching for those closed eyes to open, leaned over and kissed Annette, who sighed contentedly and smiled at the pleasant face bent above her. On a sofa near by lay Dirk, who had escaped with no more than a large bump on his forehead, which was now turning black and blue. Dirk looked proudly at the bump in a hand mirror.

"If I wanted a bump on my forehead," said Robin, who stood by, "I could get one just as *easy!*"

Dirk paid no attention. Robin thought of something else.

"What was it you would buy with a Lincoln penny? You forgot to tell."

"An all-day-sucker," said Dirk.

"No, you wouldn't."

"Yes, I would."

"You couldn't."

"I could too!"

Robin grinned in triumph. "You couldn't either," he said, "'cause they cost a nickel."

And at this Rosey, who besides the nervous strain she had endured had had a thorough scolding from Mrs. Danvers, shook both the twins and burst into tears.

A half-hour later Mrs. Danvers and Annette drove in a taxi to Annette's home. Think of Annette riding home in a taxi! Think of Pierre, who had recovered from his toothache and swallowed the hot raisin, looking out the window and seeing her come! Think of Lucie putting on a fresh white apron and hastening down to the door! And then think of Mother, when Mrs. Danvers, sitting by the table strewn with muslin rose petals, told her in French that had to be helped out here and there by gestures, of the brave deed that Annette had done. And then Mrs. Danvers told Annette's mother that she wanted to take Annette home with her, across the water, to New York. "She and Rosey can play in the big park with the two boys, in the fresh air

and sunshine, every day," she said, " and she will pick up the English language very quickly. But better than that, she will pick up some good firm flesh. And next June, when we come back again to Paris, I will bring her back to you so rosy and strong that you will hardly know her. Do say yes, Madame, for she has saved my boy's life and I want to save her health. If you say yes, I will come and get Annette to-morrow, and will buy her all the warm clothes she will need for a trip across the ocean. We shall be sailing a week from to-day."

Annette held her breath. Lucie, glad for her little sister, held hers. Pierre held his. It was quite a breathless moment. And then at last Mother said yes, and with tears upon her cheeks kissed Mrs. Danvers' hands.

That night, lying in her bed beside Lucie, staring into the darkness; feeling, it is true, a little stiff and sore from that unusual exercise she had taken upon the boulevard; but with a heart so serene that it seemed that nothing could ever again disturb its wonderful serenity, Annette said over and over to herself in her heart, " I will make the very first Golden Wonder for HER! "

XIII

MARDA'S MASTERPIECE

PICTURE to yourself the group of islands in the northern end of the Adriatic Sea. In the geography they do not look particularly beautiful, but, oh, you should see the real islands themselves! Around them lies the blue sea; between them are the still lagoons, like silver mirrors; among them, like a great water lily, is Venice with her white houses, red roofs, and more towers than you could count on all your fingers twice over; and above them a sky of tender milky blue. You rub your eyes, just as Aladdin rubbed his wonderful lamp, and there stands Venice, rising out of the sea like a piece of lovely magic. Near to Venice lies Murano; farther off, Burano (Wouldn't you think they were twins from their names?); and a bit farther off is Torcello, with its tall campanile pointing like a finger into the sky. Centuries ago these lagoons were dotted with empty islands covered with tangled grass. And then one terrible year the people along the shores of Italy and for some distance inland, fled before a horde of savage warriors coming down from the north, over the Alps, destroying all

the cities, towns, villages and farms that lay before them. Reaching the Adriatic Sea, these fleeing people crossed in their boats the two miles that we now cross by railway trains, and made new homes for themselves on these islands. And after hundreds of years Venice became the Queen of the Adriatic, Burano set the fashion for lace-making to all of Europe, and Murano became the center of the glass-making of the world.

One hot day in August the sun poured its fiery rays into the open windows of the lace-making school of Burano, a big building standing in the midst of very poor and simple homes. The door stood wide open to the narrow street, and into it, and up a pair of stairs clattered and chattered a stream of girls, big and little. They were all talking in that soft speech of the Burano people which is like the speech of Venice with most of the consonants left out, or like honey flowing free from the restraining honeycomb. From every pair of young laughing lips poured a soft torrent of a's and i's and o's, all melting into each other as the colors of a rainbow melt together, until it is impossible to say just where you cease to see yellow and are looking at green.

Up the stairway clattered the girls, but at the door of the big sewing room they quieted down and went soberly to their seats. It was a long, bare room, with no pictures on the walls save

a Madonna and Babe at one end. Across this end of the room ran a long wooden table, scoured to silvery whiteness, upon which lay many pieces of lace, showing an endless variety of lovely patterns. The mistress of the school stood looking these over, and three nuns, in their simple gowns and hoods, moved about among the girls when they were all seated, giving to each her piece of work, offering help here, or criticism there. Some of the girls were making needle lace. These had stitched a few threads lightly down along each of the lines of a pattern drawn on heavy paper. With a needle and thread they were now binding these lines of threads together with stitches from one to another. Here they made knots, here they buttonholed a tiny hole, here constructed a flower petal in smooth, satin-like stitches, there curving a spray of leaves to form a garland, or filling in an empty space with a groundwork of close stitches. The edges of flower petals were usually buttonholed, sometimes lightly, sometimes heavily, according to the kind of lace they wished to make. These were all called "needle point," or "point lace," and no lace has been more famous than the "Venetian point," made by the women and girls of Venice and the neighboring islands.

Other girls, however, were making "pillow lace." Each of these girls had on her lap an

oblong cushion or pillow, in shape and size like a rather large muff. A paper pattern of the design was carefully spread out over the pillow. Next pins were stuck into the cushion all along the lines of the pattern, quite close together, and to each pin was attached the loose end of a thread, the other end being wound around a little wooden bobbin about the size of a lead pencil. And now the lace-maker, instead of making stitches — for she uses no needle at all — twists here two threads and there two threads around now one pin and now another, the bobbins interweaving rapidly in her quick fingers, until mesh after mesh of lace is formed.

Some of the older girls were making lace scarfs, or little lace caps and bibs for a baby to wear on fine occasions, such as its christening. Some were making flounces or panels for a dress; others, lace tablecloths. The younger girls who were just beginning to learn were mostly making long strips of narrow lace to be used as trimming.

Among the younger girls there was one who was new at the school, Marda by name, and her big dark eyes were full of excitement, for she had long looked forward to this day. Her clothes were poor but spotlessly clean; her feet were bare; and a faded blue ribbon tied about her head kept her curly hair from tumbling into her eyes. She had a pillow made of scarlet silk upon her

lap, which looked almost too splendid against her faded and much-patched gingham apron. Already her pins and bobbins were in order and her pattern begun. She listened carefully to the instructions of the teachers and the stories of the mistress. Although her fingers were yet clumsy and slow, she did her best and was very painstaking. But she was so happy that she could not speak or smile as did the rest. She could only think and feel, while her heart beat joyously behind the bib of the gingham apron. Her happy visions quite ran away with her. "I will make," she thought, "when I grow up, the most wonderful piece of lace that anybody in the whole world ever saw!"

Marda was an orphan, and had nobody belonging to her, so far as she knew, except her brother Matteo, who was two years older than herself to the very day. It seemed strange that they should have the same birthday and yet not be twins. Marda got around that difficulty by calling herself and Matteo "twinless twins." When they were both very tiny they had been taken to the orphanage, just a few streets away from the lace-making school, on the edge of one of Burano's canals. When Matteo was twelve a fisherman and his wife took him to live with them, for the fisherman needed a growing boy to help him with his boat and nets.

It was the custom of the orphanage to allow every little girl to go to the lace-making school, to learn a trade by which to earn her living, on her twelfth birthday. For a long time Marda had been looking forward to her twelfth birthday, which would also be Matteo's fourteenth. Matteo for a week or two before the day had been hinting at a present she was to receive, and the little girl could scarcely give her mind to her simple duties at the orphanage, such as washing three times daily the faces of certain of the little ones. Such was her remissness, indeed, that in a week's time there was a very distinct high-water mark around each small face, like a dark halo.

It seems that the good-hearted fisherman, Giuseppe, and his wife Elena, hearing from Matteo that his sister would soon be twelve and going to the lace-making school, had been planning to do something for the twinless twins on their birthday. Matteo said Marda had nothing to make a pillow with, and no bobbins. Elena and her husband put their heads together to see what they could do. Matteo was a big, strong boy now, helpful and willing. In a year or two he could begin to do a man's work with the boat and nets, and would then have to be paid wages. Now they would reward him for his faithful work by getting the things he wanted for Marda.

"Why not let Matteo go across to the City

and get the things himself?" suggested Elena. The City, of course, meant Venice.

"Oh, well, well, well, we'll see," said Giuseppe. In his head he thought it a very excellent idea, but he did not wish to agree too soon. In every kind of thinking Giuseppe was slow, except in thinking about those things that had to do with the fishing. Giuseppe set his nets pretty well out at sea, and when a sudden storm came sweeping up the Adriatic, as often happened in hot weather, no one of all the fishermen out in their little red or yellow-sailed boats could be more quickly ready for the storm than Giuseppe.

That night Elena did a great deal of thinking while she pretended to be asleep. But Giuseppe slept soundly. He knew he could think better with the feel of the tiller in his hand, and the sight of the curling water at the boat's edge in his eye. So Giuseppe made his plans the next morning as he and Matteo sailed out across three miles of water to where the nets were set. Elena sang as she made her small house of one room below and an attic above tidy. She sang, too, while she washed Giuseppe's one white shirt and her best white apron, trimmed with lace her own deft fingers had made. It was not many years before that she herself had been a pupil in the lace-making school, and she now often sat with her lace pillow on her lap and her fingers and

bobbins flying. In nearly every doorway in the little narrow streets of Burano, women sat at their lace-making when the housework was done. For lace-making pays well, especially when a group of tourists comes along, and one or more of them admire the lovely pieces and must have them at any price. And if no tourist comes along, the stores will buy. And always they can laugh and gossip and sing together, shouting and gesticulating from door to door as they sit at their thresholds and work.

After supper that night, when Matteo had gone to bed in the attic, tired out with his long day of work in the open air, Elena said, " I have everything arranged in my head, Giuseppe."

" You have yet to hear from me," said Giuseppe.

" Listen! " said Elena.

" Listen yourself," said Giuseppe.

" You will take Matteo with you to the City, in the rowboat, and let him buy the bobbins for Marda," said Elena.

" I will do better than that," said Giuseppe, smiling.

" What then? Hasten and tell me. Men are so slow at the telling! I could have told it three times over, forward and backward —"

" Women are so fast at the telling that a man cannot put in so much as a yes or a no," inter-

rupted Giuseppe, and at that they both laughed, and Elena sat down quietly on the doorstep to listen.

"Well, then," said Giuseppe, lighting his evening pipe and tilting his stool back against the house wall, and speaking in a low tone so that the entire street might not hear him, "well, then, we will *all* go to the City, you and Matteo and I, and the little sister. We will buy the bobbins and the pillow, and then we will see the sights, and buy some fruit and cheese at the market at noon, and spend the afternoon in the Public Gardens, and hear some music in the piazza in the evening, and row home when the moon comes up, just as we did on our wedding day three years ago, if you remember."

And at that Elena got up and pinched Giuseppe sharply on both cheeks, and said laughingly, "*If* I remember!"

Then she ran indoors and took a box from under the bed and opened it, lifting out proudly a lace pillow, and lighting a candle so that Giuseppe might see it. She had made it herself that afternoon, she told him, stuffing it with odds and ends, and covering it with — well, what did he think?

"See," she said, "it is silk, a little old now, but of a beautiful scarlet color. Is it the scarf I wore about my neck the day we first met, *if you*

remember! So there will be no pennies to spend upon a cushion for Marda, and you may thank me for that."

When the day before Marda's and Matteo's birthday dawned, it was of a royal loveliness, the broad lagoons like sheets of silver, and the sky fair and blue. Marda had never been to the City, and Matteo only once. It was early when the four started off in the rowboat, Giuseppe at the oars, and soon they overtook the market boats, heavily laden with gleaming piles of red tomatoes, plump green watermelons, green and purple cabbages, and great baskets of white grapes and honey-colored pears. Here and there a few figs were to be seen, some green, some purple; and here and there came boats loaded with baskets of bright flowers as many-colored as the baskets of fruits and vegetables. They left Murano on their right, catching a glimpse of the famous glassworks as they passed by that island.

"I'm not going to be a fisherman always," said Matteo. "I'm going to be a glass worker. First I suppose I'll have to stoke the furnaces, but after a while I shall put a bit of glass on my rod, blow it into a goblet or vase, put it into the furnace, take it out, and presto! as beautiful a thing as ever you saw!"

"I shall make an altar cloth of lace such as no

Soon they overtook the market boats

one ever dreamed of!" said Marda, with a happy sigh.

But Giuseppe, letting go his oars and holding up two hard and horny hands, laughed and said, "I shall doubtless catch fish for the rest of my days!"

Then, after the boat had rounded the little island which is one of the City's cemeteries, encircled by its high brick wall above whose top dark cypress trees stand like sentinels, suddenly Venice itself lay before them, rising up out of the silver water like a golden vision. Many tall towers lifted themselves in all parts of the city, but tallest of all rose the campanile of the great Cathedral of St. Mark's.

They made a landing at one of the stone flights dipping down to the water, fastened the boat, and went first of all to purchase the bobbins. They did not go to the fine shops, but to a little shop near the market place, not far from the great arching bridge that is called the Rialto. Many of the market people had already arrived, and the scene was one of bright confusion. In the little shop, which was dark after the bright sunlight outside, Elena bought, after much bargaining, two dozen wooden bobbins.

"You will need more when you make your wonderful altar cloth," said Elena to Marda, "but these will do for a very simple pattern to

learn on." Then she bought a paper with a simple pattern marked on it in blue, and some pins. When the shopwoman had handed Marda the package and Giuseppe had paid for the things, running his horny hand deep down into his pocket for the money, they sauntered forth into the sunshine, Elena with many injunctions to Marda not to lose the precious bundle. And then they wended their way along many little narrow back streets that were more like balconies strung along the dark walls of the houses than like streets; crossed over many small bridges arched like the backs of purring cats; and finally came out upon the broad piazza in front of the Cathedral, where many pigeons circled about in the air and settled upon the pavement like a bright and burnished cloud. Around three sides of the piazza ran an arcade, under whose shade could be seen shop windows full of lovely things to buy — bead necklaces, glass vases, and all sorts of things made of leather. Along the edge of the arcade people sat at little tables drinking coffee. And on the fourth side of the piazza was that strange and lovely building, bright and brave and magical, the Cathedral.

They went into the Cathedral, where they sat quietly for a little while. Elena closed her eyes, but Marda's eyes looked almost everywhere at once — at the tall pillars, at the arched ceiling,

at the statues of the twelve apostles on the altar screen; at the wonderful pictures on the walls, which were not painted, but were mosaics, made of many tiny bits of colored stone and glass set carefully together. Marda had never dreamed of such a magnificent place, and into her mind came the thought, " I will make my altar cloth for this very altar, and it shall have the twelve apostles on it, and a border of angels all around the edge."

Coming out, they walked down the piazetta, a smaller open square, to the water's edge. It was now nearly noon, and the water was so full of golden sparkles that one's eyes were quite dazzled by it. It was like a great opal, with a heart of fire. In every direction moved boats. There were black gondolas filled with tourists skimming here and there, and darting into the small canals like mice into their holes. There were fishing boats with great patched red and orange and yellow sails and slippery silver cargoes. There were steamers that had come all the way from Constantinople, passing, on their way up the Adriatic Sea, that " rocky Ithaca ", the island where lived that Ulysses whose story Homer tells. And moored down near the eastern point of Venice, there stood a great gray battleship, taken from Austria in the Great War. Peaceable enough it looked now, however, with sailor

lads washing their white suits on the decks and hanging them up in long rows, like so many ship's pennants, to dry in the hot sun. At twelve o'clock exactly a cannon boomed, and instantly every clock in the City struck twelve, as though there were nothing on earth they enjoyed so much as telling Venice that noon had come.

At this Giuseppe said they must eat. Finding a shop, they bought some bread and cheese and a big bag of plums and pears. It was as much as he could do, Giuseppe said, to keep from buying the shopwoman's many little children, who ran about underfoot quite distractingly, while their mother cried, "You, Beppo, there! You, Tony! You, Annina! You noisy *bambinos!* I will sell you all for a *soldo,* and a good bargain it will be!" They really had to hurry away lest the angry mother should put the *bambinos* in the bag with the plums and pears. And then they walked to where their boat stood, got into it, and ate their lunch. As they ate Matteo had much to say about all that they had seen, but Marda, unlike her usual self, was very silent. At length, when the last crumb had been eaten, Giuseppe took up his oars.

"And now for the Public Garden," he said, steering for the thick patch of green at the extreme eastern point of the City.

Then Marda exclaimed, suddenly and unex-

pectedly, "Oh, Giuseppe! I do not want to go to the Garden. Let us go home!"

"What! You want to go home?" asked Giuseppe in an astonished tone.

"Yes," said Marda. "I want to go right home, right now."

And then, in excited tones, the following conversation took place.

"Why, what has gotten into you, Marda?"

"I want to go home."

"And miss the bears and animals at the park?"

"There's something I'd rather do at home."

"And not stay for the concert? Why, Marda!"

"But I tell you there's something I'd rather do!"

"Why, Marda, you're a silly thing! This lovely day is only half finished!"

And then Marda, with everybody taking part against her, burst into tears and said, "Oh, Elena! Oh, Elena! I want to go home to your house where my new lace pillow is and have you show me how to set the pins and wind the thread on the bobbins. Because, you see, I am already twelve years old to-morrow, and I want to make the most beautiful lace altar cloth in the world for the Cathedral, and maybe I will be too old to finish it unless I begin in a hurry!"

And at that Giuseppe burst into a great roar of laughter, and said, "To be sure we will go home quickly, lest Marda get to be an old woman before we reach Burano!"

So back they went, and at Elena's house the little girl was instructed in the many things she must do to make a perfect piece of lace. When she went back to the orphanage, carrying her gift proudly, you may be sure that all the other girls, especially those who would soon be twelve, were deeply interested in that scarlet lace pillow with its paper pattern stretched upon it, the pins like little regiments along the lines of the pattern, the bobbins dangling down in such a fascinating manner at one end, and around the pins the beginnings of a piece of lace!

Marda proudly told the girls of the altar cloth that was going to be her life work, her masterpiece. The girls looked at her with big round eyes.

"But where will you get your pattern for the angels and the apostles, Marda?" asked one of them. "Old Elisabetta's daughter has all sorts of patterns. I look at them when I go there to work on Saturdays. But I never saw any angels or apostles. The patterns are all flowers and leaves and wreaths, and maybe a bird or two, or a few butterflies."

Another little girl giggled and said, "Oh,

Marda is so bright she can make an angel from a bird pattern. There will be wings, anyway!"

"I will make the pattern myself," said Marda stoutly.

"But you'll have to have something to copy," said another girl.

True enough. Marda knew very well that she could not go to the City every day and copy the twelve apostles laboriously until she had a pattern. And she knew in her heart that no other figures on her lace masterpiece would ever satisfy her. Turning away from the girls to hide her disappointment, she went upstairs to the big dormitory where she slept, wrapped the lace pillow in her one clean apron, and laid it on a chair close beside her bed. Then she went slowly downstairs as the big gong rang for supper.

It was the duty of Marda to wash the hands and faces of all the little boy orphans between the ages of three and six every evening before they were tucked into bed. Usually Marda did this duty in a somewhat hasty manner. She did not find any pleasure in lingering over it, and yet it was done well enough to pass muster with the kindly Sister in charge. But on this night she did it thoroughly. For slowly, during the day, there had grown in her mind the thought that a girl who was going to make an altar cloth for the great Cathedral in the City must not be a

slacker in even the small duties of life. If she allowed herself to be careless with small faces and grimy little hands, she might grow careless with the lace — make knots, even! And so she washed Tommaso's round face even behind the ears, to his great astonishment; got plenty of soap into Babbo's eyes and polished Cecco's round cheeks until they were like two rosy apples; and so on down the line, until a dozen little boys of four or five had had a scrubbing and cleaning not easily forgotten. And as if that were not enough, she kissed each pair of cheeks as she gave them the final polishing. They would have protested from the very beginning only that she gave them no time. The washing completed, she tucked them into their beds. Then, surveying the twelve small, spotless faces upon the pillows, she had an idea!

"*Ahi!*" she exclaimed, "yours shall be the angel faces I shall work in lace as a border around my wonderful altar cloth, each face with a pair of wings coming out from those clean places behind your ears!"

Twenty-four clean hands came out from under the sheets and felt those places behind the ears.

Then a still more imposing idea seized hold of Marda. Think of having two great ideas within sixty seconds! She clapped her hands, then grew

grave. The dozen clean faces grew grave also and gazed at her with blinking eyes.

"Now mind that every one of you grows up to be a good man," she said, shaking her finger at them, "because it may be that it will be many years before I shall make the lace well enough to start on my altar cloth. And as you will then be grown-up men, you shall be"—here she paused before springing the great idea upon them—"you shall be the twelve apostles that I shall put in a line across the length of the most wonderful altar cloth in the wide world! Now think of that and go to sleep, all of you!"

And at once the twelve clean-faced apostles-to-be closed their eyes, and Marda was free to climb the stairs to her own dormitory, creep into her own bed, and dream and dream and dream of the great To-morrow.

THE END

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

This book contains stories about children in many different parts of the world. From these stories you will learn many interesting things about their work and play and habits of living. When you want to look up information about some particular country, you can use this index. In some cases there are several stories about one country.

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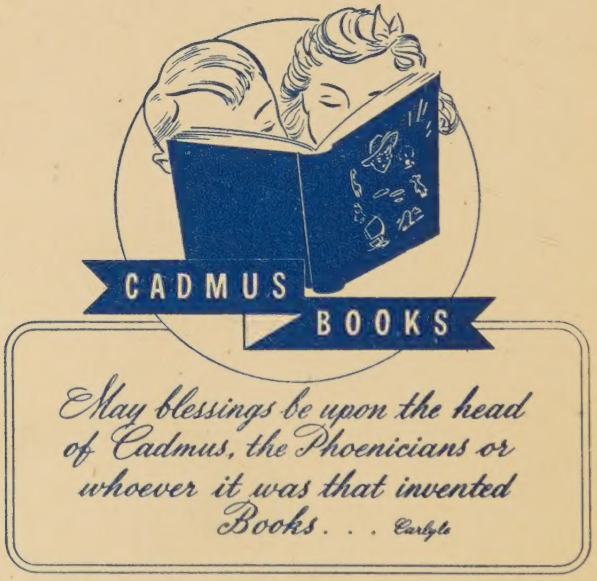
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